

THE ILLUSTRATED
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NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

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The Royal Aquarium for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments will this year surpass all other rival establishments.

Doors will open at 11, during Christmas week.
11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplanders, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmorama Views, the Performing Fleas, The Aquarium (finest in the world) the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News.

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5.30. Zazel, the marvellous.
7.30. Second performance of the Gorgeous Pantomime in the Theatre.
8.0. Third Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's Second Performance.

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The Daily and Weekly Papers say: Mr. Robertson has again provided a Pantomime as full of go and fun as last year. A FROG HE WOULD A WOING GO is one of the distinct successes of the season, no praise is too high for the admirable way in which the Aquarium Pantomime has been placed on the stage. Scenery and dresses are superb, and the acting throughout far above the average. The enthusiasm evoked in the Corridor Scene when troupe after troupe of different nationalities succeed each other is unbounded; the music is well chosen; the dresses bright; the acting first-rate, and the scenery marvellous. Every child should, in any case see A FROG HE WOULD A WOING GO. The Harlequinade is the funniest and best of the year. Paulo the Clown is certainly the clown of clowns.

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ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

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Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. John Clarke. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham J. Clarke, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

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Scanlan.

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Lord Byron's grand Historical Play of SARDANAPALUS, as represented

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ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.

Every Evening, punctually at 8.15, will be performed an original Comedy

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written by Lord Lytton (Author of "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu,"

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FATHERLAND, a Grand Historical Drama

adapted from Sardou's famous Play, "Patrie," will be produced on THURSDAY, JAN. 3. In consequence of the rehearsals and the preparations requisite to produce this piece in a fitting manner, the Theatre will be closed on Monday, Dec. 24, until Jan. 3.—Box-office open from 11 till 5. Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Boxes, 2s. 6d. (Bonnetts allowed).—QUEEN'S.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

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NEW PROGRAMME having proved the Greatest Success of the Season WILL BE REPEATED EVERY NIGHT at 8.
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 3 also.
Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30; for the Evening ditto at 7.15. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees. No Charge for programmes

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,
City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.
MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday Private Boxes and Stalls for both morning and evening performances, can be booked at the Theatre and all libraries a month in advance. On Christmas Eve, December 24th, Boxing Night, December 26th; and every evening at 7 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry: entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY; OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Characters by Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, Geo. Conquest, junr., &c. Misses Maud Stafford, F. Sedgley, M.A. Victor, Denvil, Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Sisters Spiller. New original music, selected, composed, and arranged by Mr. Oscar H. Barratt. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Son.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Pro-
prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further notice at 6.45, the Immensely Successful New Christmas Pantomime called ROMINA-GROBIS; or, THE TAIL OF A CAT. Alaine by Mrs. S. Lane. Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Rhoyds, Hyde, Mdles. Summers, Rayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Grand Transformation Scene. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Wray, Drayton, Reeve, Towers. Mdles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S EN-
TERTAINMENT. ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A'Beckett. After which a Sketch, by Mr. Corney Gram, entitled "A MUSICAL ALMANAC." To conclude with a Fairy Vision called OUR NEW DOLLS' HOUSE. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.
During the Holidays, Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoon, at 3, and Every Evening except Thursday and Saturday at 8. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LAMHAM PLACE.

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OIL, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN DAILY from 10 till 5. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. R. F. McNAIR, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ending Jan.
Monday, Dec. 31st. Christmas Festivities, Grand Pantomime, SLEEPING BEAUTY, Wieland's Entertainment, Dr. Lynn's Living Marionettes, Panorama of American Civil War, Gonzales and Rudolph wonderful Aerial Feats, &c., &c.
[Monday, Dec. 31. Evening Concerts, by South London Choral Association, and Mr. McNaught's Choir, Solo Vocalists, Miss Mary Davies, Madame Alice Barth, Mrs. Mudie Bolingbroke, Miss Annie Butterworth, and Miss Frances Brooke. Mr. W. Shakespeare, Mr. J. L. Wadmore, and Mr. R. Hilton. Soloists from Crystal Palace Orchestra, Pianist Mr. Fountain Meen, Conductors. Mr. L. C. Venables, and Mr. W. McNaught.
Tuesday, Jan. 1.
MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ONE SHILLING. SATURDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN; or by Season Ticket.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

WHAT has become of "Don Edgardo Colona, the World-Famed Mexican Tragedian (from Drury Lane Theatre)"? Where and oh, where, is "The Beautiful and Accomplished Mdile. Edith Temple"? The playgoers of Colchester want to know. Don Edgardo and Mdile. Edith Temple, together with "the most brilliant company travelling (vide Press)," were announced to appear at the Theatre Royal, Colchester, as an "enormous attraction for the Christmas holidays"—but they never appeared. It was a most attractive bill. The Colchester people were informed that "The Press of London and the World proclaims COLONA the greatest Dramatic Artiste of the 19th Century." Attention was particularly called to the fact that there "would be ~~IS~~ NO ADVANCE in the PRICES." No repertoire could have been more alluring. "Othello (the Moor of Venice), DON EDGARDO COLONA (as performed by him 1000 times)," "Emelia, Mdile. EDITH TEMPLE." That was for Boxing Night. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, Don Edgardo proposed to devote to highly original impersonations of Ruy Blas, Hamlet, and Richard-III. But he never

showed up (he left the operation of showing-up to be performed by us); and great was the disappointment of the Colchester natives in consequence. A valued correspondent writes, "No performance took place this evening. I enclose you bill. A large crowd assembled on Boxing Night, but no Mexican Don or his company put in an appearance." Again we ask, "Where is Don Edgardo Colona, or Mr. Chalmers?" Colchester clamours for him in vain.

"THE proposed benefit to poor 'Joe' Robins has been abandoned. Mr. Alfred Mellon's benefit will take place in April next."—Mayfair. And is poor dear Alfred, of musical memory, so very badly off in Hades?

WE learn from the *British Press*, a Jersey daily journal, that, "The Theatre Royal, Gloucester-street, has been taken for one year by Miss Clare Gladys, a lady connected with foreign royalty, and Mr. Alwyne Maude, son of Colonel Maude, Equerry to her Majesty Queen Victoria. The new management intend opening the theatre on Boxing Night with the grand spectacular and romantic play of *Amy Robsart*, the whole of the magnificent costumes used at its production at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, having been procured for the purpose. Everything will be done to render the piece as attractive as possible, and the different limelight and other effects will be introduced. In the grand procession about 100 people will take part. Miss Gladys, who has been for a long time under the able tuition of Mr. John Ryder, will appear as Amy Robsart. The rôle of Leicester will be taken by Mr. Maude, and the other characters will be represented by an efficient company. We are assured that everything will be done in a complete manner, so as to deserve the approbation and obtain the patronage of the lovers of the Drama in Jersey. Mr. Savage, the well-known Jersey favourite, has been engaged as manager, and his past success in catering for the public should be a guarantee for the future." Miss Clare Gladys is "a lady connected with foreign royalty," is she? In what way?

IT does seem hard that the sale of a book which has been vended openly for about twelve years in all parts of the country should suddenly, and without previous warning, subject an unfortunate news-vendor to the risks of fine and imprisonment. On Saturday last, Mr. John Webb, an eccentric news-vendor, answering an adjourned summons for "selling certain obscene books, namely, 'The Wild Boys of London,'" at Bow-street, the following amusing dialogue ensued:—

Mr. Collette now said that at the Guildhall neither the publisher nor the proprietor appeared, but a letter had been received from them which indicated that they would eventually agree to follow the example of the retail tradesmen and consent to the destruction of the book, he (Mr. Collette) should ask that the case be sent for trial.—Mr. Flowers: Well, Mr. Wells what do you say now?—Defendant: I wish, first of all, to apologise for my unseemly behaviour last week.—Mr. Flowers: Oh, that's nothing.—Defendant: Oh, but it is. It was my first appearance in a police-court, and I felt the injustice of my case. You, I believe (turning to Mr. Collette) say you represent the society. Which society? What society.—Mr. Collette: Never mind.—Defendant: But I do mind. Are you the treasurer? Are you the committee? Are you the chairman? What is your system?—Mr. Douglas, the clerk: Keep the man quiet.—Defendant: But I have suffered severely through a false report getting into the paper. Who is the reporter of this Court? Where is the penny-a-liner who sent such an account to *The Daily Telegraph*? And *Reynolds's*, too! I am surprised at the proprietor of such a respectable paper as *Reynolds's Newspaper* copying such a report from *The Daily Telegraph*.—Mr. Flowers: If you don't mind you'll have it all down, and will have to complain of the penny-a-liner again.—Defendant: And this man, too, who represents the Society of Donothings. He has done nothing; for I hold in my hand Lord Campbell's Act, which says—Did you ever (turning again to Mr. Collette) have a man in your employment named Matherim?—Mr. Flowers: This has nothing to do with the case.—Defendant: What I was going to say is that "The Wild Boys of London" has been sold for twelve years. What has this man been about all that time? I have had these books bound in cloth for 10s. for a woman who wanted to keep them for the benefit of her family. I admit it is filthy, but it is classical. (Loud laughter.) In the Bible you will find the same things.—Mr. Flowers: Oh, I see what this means, now.—Defendant: Yes; and in scores of books. The publisher in Shoe-lane wants to square it.—Mr. Flowers: If you go on much more I shall have you removed from court.—Defendant: Then burn them!—Mr. Collette: And will you promise not to sell any more?—Defendant: I wouldn't sell such filthy things. (Laughter).—Mr. Flowers: I am very glad to hear you say so.

All this was doubtless very amusing, but is the vendor of books to be compelled by law to read every volume he publishes to avoid the chance of fine and loss of property? Why did Mr. Collette select for his victim a poverty-stricken news-vendor, who had to borrow one shilling before he could pay the fine of two, while within reach was the publisher, who for years past has been rapidly making money by the publication and printing of such vile trash? for it has had an enormous sale. Many a wrong is disguised by a laugh, but it is none the less a wrong.

THE next number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Mdile. Bauermeister, of Her Majesty's Opera—Jackall Hunting in India, by J. Sturgess, from a correspondent's sketches made on the spot—scene from "Harlequin Roley Poley" at the Grecian Theatre, by D. H. Fris-ton—Wild Duck Shooting—scenes from *The Two Roses* at the performance of the "Old Change Dramatic Club," Manchester—Humours of the Past Month, by Matt. Stretch—Jack's Yarn—Picture extracts from the Holiday Books—Pike and Perch Fishing, by J. Temple—Portrait of the late John Thompson—"Out in the Snow"—The Theatrical House that Jack Built (No. 5)—The Dresser, with sketches by our Captious Critic—a story by A. H. Wall, held over from our Christmas number, &c., &c.

A CIRCULAR has been issued stating that Lord Lurgan finds it impossible any longer to hold the Lurgan Coursing Meeting, and that consequently all nominations taken for the meeting proposed to be held in October next are void.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—The success of *Jane Shore* at the Princess's Theatre continues as great as ever.—The Queen's Theatre closed on Saturday, and will reopen on the 3rd of next month.—To-night (Saturday) Miss Ada Cavendish re-appears at the St. James's Theatre, where she will be supported by Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Henry Forrester, Mr. Odell, Miss Sallie Turner, Mrs. Beere, and Miss Beatrice Strafford—the acting manager is Mr. F. Sutherland.—In a few weeks *Dora* will be played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.—*Une Cause Célèbre* is in preparation at the Adelphi.—Mr. Loredan and M. Bary have been engaged for the Philharmonic.—On January 14, the Walsham Opera Company will appear at the Holborn Amphitheatre.—Miss Jennie Lee will not resume her professional duties until March.—The annual dramatic entertainments of the pupils of the Royal Naval School, New-cross, took place, under the sanction of the council and principal, in the large school-room. The audience consisted of upwards of 600 persons. The entertainment consisted of Morton's farce, *Done on Both Sides*, and Byron's burlesque of *Fra Diavolo*. The performances of the pupils were quite equal to the best of their former efforts.—Mr. Thomas Webber, one of the members of the *Pink Dominoes* Company at the Gaiety Theatre, was recently charged at a plice-court with having assaulted a man named Byrne, a college porter, and stolen from him a purse containing 6s. and a bunch of keys. There was no evidence in support of the charge, which Mr. Woodlock, the magistrate, pronounced one of the most monstrous ever brought against a respectable man. He dismissed the case, awarding Mr. Webber three guineas costs; but this was refused, with a view to ulterior proceedings.

PROVINCIAL.—A complimentary benefit was given at the Theatre Royal, Guernsey, to Mr. W. Myers, an old and well-known actor, on the 20th inst. The performance was given by the officers of the 75th Stirlingshire Regiment, before leaving for Alderney, and resulted, we are delighted to say, in a bumper.—*Advice Gratis* and *Paul Pry* were the selected pieces, in both of which Mr. Myers and his daughter, Miss C. Myers, appeared, and as the *Guernsey News* says, Mr. Oldbutton—Mr. Myers—was acted in the very best style, while his daughter's playing was admirable.—At the Princess Theatre, Edinburgh, *Puss in Boots* has proved a marked success.—*Sinbad the Sailor*, at the Norwich Theatre Royal, has been well received.—Mr. Mapleson's company opened at Bristol last week.

FOREIGN.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been revived at the French Opera House in presence of a crowded house, and excited as much interest as if it were a new piece, so long is it since the composer's last production had been heard. The representation was of a very superior character, whilst Lassalle as Nelusko, and Salomon as Vasco de Gama, were fully equal to their task, and were ably supported by Mdile. Daram, Boudouresque, Menu, &c. The ballets are charming and the new scenery magnificent; the famous ship of the third act produced a great effect.—At the Salle-Ventadour, Paris, *Rigoletto* has been played, to introduce a young Russian actress, Mdile. Nordi, in the part of Gilda. But the attempt cannot be pronounced a success. She studied at the Conservatoire of St. Petersburg, and the Russian colony at Paris was brilliantly represented at her *début*. She was dreadfully nervous, and produced no effect whatever in the early portion of the opera; but the famous duet of the third act was encored.—At the same house, Salvini appeared in a new piece, entitled, *La Morte Civile*, a drama in five acts, by Signor Giacometti. The piece is a poor one, and could only pass by the fine acting of the Italian tragedian. He has now left Paris with his company, and no one can deny (says *Galvani*) that his success in the French capital was merely one *d'estime*. The Paris population take but little interest in foreign performers.—At the Odéon *Le Bonhomme Misère*, a legend in verse of three scenes, by MM. d'Hervilly and Grévin, has been given. The piece is a curiosity, but not attractive.—Tamberlick, who has just quitted Paris, will return in spring to create, at the Salle Ventadour, the principal part in the "Néon" of Rubinstein.—Mdile. de Reszke has signed a new engagement with the management of the Opera. The terms are, for a year, 80,000 fr., without leave of absence. The period is for the year of the Exhibition.—The death is announced of Madame Blanche Baretta, formerly of the Théâtre Lyrique, where she created, in 1869 the chief part in M. Ernest Reyer's *Statue*. She afterwards sang for several years at the Opéra Comique, and then spent some time in the great provincial towns and in Belgium. Besides her talent as a cantatrice, she was remarkable for her good looks. She was forced to leave the stage from ill health some years back, and was only thirty-nine years of age at her decease.—Offenbach, completely recovered, is about to leave Paris for Nice, where he will terminate *Madame Flavart*, the *Contes d'Hoffman*, and an operetta, which he has written for the Bouffes Theatre, in conjunction with MM. Halevy and Paul Ferrier.—The 102nd anniversary of the birth of Boieldieu was celebrated by the Choral Society of Rouen, his native town, on Sunday, by the performance of the overture to the "Dame Blanche," the crowning of the bust of the composer, and the reading of some verses written for the occasion.—Mdile. Moisset is leaving Paris for Madrid to take part in the state performance at the Opera during the fêtes on the King's marriage.—Faure has terminated his series of performances at the Monnaie Theatre, Brussels.—*Le Duc Orfanelle*, the so popular drama of Hennequin, has just had a great success at the Valle Theatre, Rome, due in part to the incontestable merit of the work, and also to the exceptional way in which it was acted by the Morelli Company.—At the Carignan Theatre, at Turin, a piece by M. Baldini, entitled *Il Buon Vino non Vuel Frasca*, was unfavourably received.

MR. ALFRED DAMPIER, an actor who about seven or eight years ago was a member of the company at the Manchester Theatre Royal, is starting at San Francisco. One of the papers says that "he is gifted with a fine stage presence, and a voice that is pleasant and effective, although somewhat marred by his pronounced English accent (!)"

THE "Domestic Telephone or Vocal Telegraph" is one of the toys issued by the London Stereoscopic Company, which every boy—or for that matter, every girl—ought to possess. Whether or not this is the "acoustic instrument which is exciting so much astonishment throughout Europe and America" it is distinctly an aid to the amusement of fireside parties on this side of the Atlantic. The toy will, we doubt not, become popular.

ON Saturday last the chief event of the Gun Club, Shepherd's Bush, was a £3 sweepstakes at seven birds each, 27 yards rise, for a silver cup, which was won easily by Lord Westbury, who killed all his birds. Three £1 sweepstakes at three birds each were also decided, the winners being Mr. Queensbury, Mr. Aubrey Coventry, and Mr. Vaughan.

THE casket which is to contain the address presented to Mr. Walker, the donor of the Liverpool Art Gallery, and the commission for which was entrusted to Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Birmingham, has now been completed. It is made of silver "parcel" gilt, and enriched with choicely-finished enamels. The design is a model of the building, on a base representing an architectural plateau, and the whole work is a triumph of skilful design and of ingenious execution.—*Birmingham Daily Post*.



H. PETHERICK

SCENE FROM "THE ENCHANTED PRINCE," AT THE STANDARD.

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TURFIANA.

No one, having the real interests of sport at heart, and desirous of seeing it purged of baser associations, can fail to rejoice at the action lately taken by the Grand National Hunt Committee, the members of which seem lately to have waked out of sleep, and to have set to work with a will, redressing steeples-chasing wrongs, and following the good example lately set them by the Jockey Club. So far they do not seem inclined to lend an ear to remonstrances urged against their new hurdle-racing rule, which will be most harassing to promoters of the circus business. But to this we have made allusion before, and we now call attention to another excellent move in the right direction, viz., the denunciation and disavowal of meetings, the managers of which have failed to discharge their financial liabilities. At one time, we believe, it was considered rather a good joke for winners of races to expect payment of stakes from enterprising lessees of certain gatherings; and we call to mind that it is not so very long ago since the fortunate winner of a certain big handicap always felt constrained, from motives of delicacy, to leave the value of the race in the hands of the adjuster of the weights. Such things, it was whispered, did occur at the best regulated meetings, but a stopper is at last likely to be put upon this polite method of pocket-picking, which was a disgrace to our racing system. The late defaulters (for we trust that all accounts have been squared up by this time) were Streatham and Enfield, two well-known places of suburban resort, and the other bore the high-sounding and pretentious title of the South County Hunt Meeting, but where celebrated deponent knoweth not. It is only fair and just that the authorities of such meetings should be hauled over the coals, and, after all, it is open to the delighted recipients of their bounty to hand back the cheques if they please, though we cannot quite fancy certain owners of horses "turning up" with their left hand the rhino which they have just received with their right.

Chamant will doubtless attract a large assemblage of the "loafers and coppers," which abound at this time of the year at Tattersall's, on Monday next, when the white-footed bay, who so nearly succeeded in frightening Lord Falmouth and others from their propriety, and in bringing about the "turf reciprocity" movement, will come under the hammer of fate. The craze for anything good in the way of horseflesh will doubtless ensure a large price being offered for the slashing young Mortemer; but a true made horse he never was, nor ever will be, unless his long rest has benefited him in respect of filling out and thickening, of which he stood sadly in need. A better actioned horse never sniffed the morning breeze on Newmarket Heath, and viewed in profile he was good-looking enough, but he was one of the disappointing sort both to follow and to meet.

The Glasgow Stud will come up for their annual letting on the 14th January, eleven in all, and most well known as having made their mark in country districts. But we fancy business would be brisker in bidding for their hire, should the system be adopted of informing the public of their stations in previous years, so that intending hirers might be able to post themselves up in the "characters" they have succeeded in making for themselves, and in the quantity and quality of their stock. Most of them are of the "regulation" Glasgow type, big, upstanding horses, with no end of bone and substance, but with a touch of the "coachey" about them. First Flight was more like a racer than any of them, and he fully bears out that character, though not the most amiable of his sex. Such a collection should be a real boon to breeders, who thus have the chance of a change of blood when they please; but somehow the ill luck which dogged the footsteps of the eccentric nobleman whose crimson and white jacket most of them have borne, has followed the fortunes of this Patagonian race, and they are not appreciated as they should be. The fact is people are too impatient expecting immediate returns, whereas a moment's consideration ought to convince them that even ten years is not too distant a period to look forward to in order to judge of results. An enormous amount of prejudice still lingers in the bucolic breast, and the teachings of old experience are as difficult to eradicate as the old world notions of village cronies, who resent changes as vigorously as their forefathers in the "good old times."

The subscription to Scottish Chief and Springfield are both full, and Cremorne, Galopin, and Sterling are the only hundred guinea sires now available for seekers after caste and fashion. Neither of the trio can be described as quite "on their legs" just yet, but Cremorne's youngsters promise most highly, and his only two running representatives are both winners. Of Galopin we have lately spoken, and Sterling now claims the attention justly due to one of the grandest-looking and speediest horses of a generation which has seen Prince Charlie, Springfield, and a host of mighty milers, farming short distance weight-for-age races, and contesting important handicaps, often successfully, under welter weights. That Sterling was a genuine stayer it is difficult to argue from an analysis of his various performances, but he may work his way at the Stud for all that; and hitherto we believe the Messrs. Graham have kept him for their own mares. His return of winners for the past season, when his two-year-olds first appeared, was anything but encouraging, considering that his foal list of 1875 was by no means a meagre one; and we never could see the rhyme or reason of his having such a prohibitive figure placed upon his services. Still he must not be condemned forthwith, and we shall see how his second batch of youngsters turn out. In addition to Sterling and The Duke, they have at Yardley Playfair, Blandford, and Ben Webster, so that it will be seen they are standing manfully by the home blood, and such perseverance should not go unrewarded. Of Oxford we hear nothing, but we presume he is still in the land of the living, and he may truthfully be described an entirely a "self-made" sire.

The foal list for 1877 is an interesting return, but as we shall have to give it a more extended notice in the course of the next few weeks, it need not be criticised minutely at present. If of no other value, it reads a wholesome lesson to those who still build their hopes upon the instrumentality of "impossible" sires, by means of which to find fame and fortune on the turf. Some who figure in the long list of fathers must be unknown both as regards deeds and pedigree to the veriest Old Mortalities of racing annals; and yet certain of penny wise and pound foolish are found to send mares to these great unknowns, because their services are to be secured for a very low figure. A gratifying feature, however, we have to record, viz., that in Ireland things seem to be prospering better from a breeder's point of view, and no less than twenty-nine foals are put down to that nice horse Uncas, who is still standing at the Curragh, and should have another good season. Irish only by adoption and ownership, his excellent performances in the Green Isle have made him a favourite with sportsmen across St. George's Channel, and we quite hope and believe that he will become in time a "regenerator" of his species in the country, which has given such excellent pledges to posterity in the "days of old." Solon has fifteen foals to his credit, and next to them Plum Pudding seems to have been in most request, while the gallant, gay Lothario is said to be the coming horse.

Mr. Tattersall's letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, anent the supply of horses for cavalry purposes, written with much force of argument, and with an evident conviction of his experience in the matter forming the subject of his communication, should be

studied with peculiar interest now that the outlook is not so peaceful as we could wish. That the grievance admits of a remedy we cannot doubt, but that its course will be slow and occasionally tedious we are bound to believe, and, in the meantime, we must hope for the best, and endeavour to keep the subject well ventilated, now that Mr. Tattersall's letter has once more attracted our attention to the question of a horse famine. SKYLARK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"WHAT THE WORLD SAYS!"

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

"Rien trop élevé."

MY DEAR SIR,—Your contemporary the *World*, of the 5th instant, published a letter of mine; evidently misread and misprinted. I should therefore deem it a favour if you will permit me to make your valuable columns the medium of my denial that it was a fac-simile, nor do I spell my well-known name "Carylon," as your contemporary assumes I do! You will also much oblige me by the insertion of my second (and last) letter to the paper in question. I enclose copy, fearing it may ignominiously share the same fate as its predecessor; though I doubt Mr. Edmund Yates (editor of the *World*) being in such a hurry to print it so laudably.—Trusting you will pardon my intrusion, believe me, yours faithfully,

T. T. S. CARLYON.

December 8th, 1877.

[TRUE COPY.]

ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB, SOUTHSEA.

To the Editor of the "World."

SIR,—Referring to my letter to you which recently appeared in the *World*, as to my share in the performances at an entertainment for a charitable object at Portsmouth, I beg to request that you will insert this, my emphatic denial of the truth of that part of the statement contained in your original notice of which I complained. *It is not true* that I hold the rank of Major; I am simply a Lieutenant. *It is not true* that I asked for a lady's watch; no such request was made. *It is not true* that a valuable gold watch, said to be worth fifty guineas, was handed to me by a lady. In your notice you say, "The trick was to pound up a counterfeit watch in a mortar, and hand the real one back uninjured;" *this is not true*, no such trick was attempted or even contemplated by me. I pass by, without observation, the bad taste in which your criticism was written, and prefer to rely upon your sense of justice to give insertion in your next impression to this communication.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Wednesday, December 5, 1877.

T. T. S. CARLYON.

MR. G. A. SALA AND MACREADY.

SIR,—It is pretty generally admitted by actors who have played with Macready, that he indulged in a very *brusque*, not to say occasionally offensive, bearing towards his brother and sister artists at rehearsal, and even at night, when acting, if everything was not done in strict accordance with his wishes, or when surrounded by performers of more than ordinary obtuseness. His notorious infirmity of temper, so often and so remorsefully alluded to by himself in his biography, went far to render this intemperance of manner obnoxious, and sometimes almost intolerable; but I can hardly bring myself to believe that a man of Macready's known refinement and high minded character; the friend, associate, and guest of the most distinguished men of his day in science, art, and literature; the man whose personal acquaintance (and ultimate friendship) with an exalted ecclesiastical dignitary—the Bishop of Norwich—made it a point to seek, in order that he might thank him, as a Prelate of the Church, for the good he had done to society; the man so eloquently described by his biographer, Sir Frederick Pollock, as—

A sterling gentleman; great when he played
In England's noble drama, and the still
House wept, or loud applauded, as its heart
He wrought, and with imperious passion swayed
The reins of the full theatre at will.

I say it is scarcely possible to credit that such a man could really merit such powerful denunciation of his conduct as has recently been given by Mr. G. A. Sala.

That gentleman says: "I conscientiously declare that in the whole course of my life, I never heard any man use language so foul and so blasphemous as that *habitually and systematically* made use of behind the scenes by the illustrious tragedian, William Charles Macready." And again, after paying a meed of praise to his genius and the integrity of his private character, he proceeds: "I unhesitatingly, and without fear of contradiction, assert that his manners in the theatre were simply *ruffianly*, and that his speech and demeanour were as *brutal* to women as they were towards men." Not being an actor, I never had personal experience of Macready's "ruffianly and brutal conduct" (though I have witnessed several of his rehearsals), but there is one little charge in Mr. Sala's narrative against "this furious and most arrogant actor," from which, if I greatly err not, I AM able to rescue him.

I quote from Mr. Sala's article: "He was always to be brought to reason if that which the Americans call 'a stiff upper lip' was shown him. My poor, dear brother Charles (whose theatrical name was Wynn), was once at the Princess's, playing the small part of Roderigo to Macready's Othello. The Moor has to lean on Roderigo's shoulder when he is dying; and Macready, with his usual total indifference to the feelings or comfort of others, leaned so heavily on my brother (who was a little man) as to make him stagger, whereupon he heard the illustrious mutter, 'Keep quiet, Wretch.' I beg your pardon, Mr. Macready, what did you say?" he enquired. 'Keep quiet, Beast,' returned the illustrious. My brother kept so quiet that, just turning away his shoulder, he let the great William Charles Macready fall 'flop' on the stage."

This is the first time, by the way, I ever heard Roderigo spoken of as "a small part," and the representatives of that character—among whom may be remembered some of our most distinguished comedians—would hardly feel themselves complimented by such a commentary on its importance; but be that as it may, shall I be considered impertinent in asking to be informed, from what edition of Shakespeare Macready played on this eventful evening? In all the copies of Othello I have come across, Roderigo is "polished off" by Cassio and Iago, in the scene preceding that in which Othello stabs himself. Macready's death scene, and I have seen it very, very many times, was, on all occasions mechanically the same. After he had stabbed himself, he staggered towards the bed *not touching any person* in his progress thither, then clutched the coverlet to ease his fall, and fell backward with his head to the audience. Of course, on the night described by Mr. Sala, he might have played it quite another way, but what I am curious to learn is how he managed to lean on Roderigo's shoulder, as we are told "the Moor has to do when he is dying," seeing that Roderigo *had been sent to his long account in the previous scene*. It is easy to understand the Great Tragedian falling "flop" on the stage, if he trusted his weight for support to the shadowy Venetian, although even the propriety of the appearance of Roderigo's apparition seems hardly warranted by any of the editions of Shakespeare I have at home.

We all know how Owen Glendower assured Hotspur he could

Call spirits from the vasty deep.

and we have also heard how Dr. Slade pretended to his dupes his ability to introduce the spirits of the departed into his sitting-room, for a "consideration;" but these necromancers' achievements entirely pale before Macready's art in insinuating Roderigo in the flesh, *after his death*, into his wife's bedchamber, in order to convert him into a leaning post in the agony of his death throes.

In narrating anecdotes of celebrated personages, a little colour may be permissible for piquant flavouring; but I question if it should be laid on quite so strong as to nullify the possibility of the occurrence absolutely. Such colouring sometimes endangers the reputation of the writer for honest intention, and were not Mr. Sala's straightforward character well known, and beyond such suspicion, might induce the idea that he repudiated Othello's instructions to—

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.

In this instance, there can be no doubt that a modified *version* of the anecdote occurred, of which the correct details have escaped the narrator. Still as it is given to us with

A local habitation and a name,

it is perhaps not too much to expect that we should be enlightened as to the real facts, viz., the *Title of the Play* wherein Macready, in his death scene, supported himself on the shoulder of a performer, enacting "a small part," especially as the version Mr. Sala has given to the world is not only manifestly incorrect and absurd, but casts an unmerited slur upon the conduct of the greatest tragedian of his time, and an accomplished, refined, and high-minded gentleman.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

W. C. DAY.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W.—Thanks for your papers.
T. F. SMYTHE (Camden Town).—We shall be glad to have some more specimens of your skill.
J. H.—We hope to publish the game next week, and to point out the erroneous and unfair criticisms of which you so justly complain.
J. A.—It is quite true. Mr. H. B. Bird left New York on the 20th inst., and is expected in London on the 1st of next month.
G. R.—We believe that Messrs. Potter, Bird, Blackburne, and MacDonnell will attend the Paris Tourney next year as the representatives of English Chess.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 168.

WHITE.
1. Q to Q R sq
2. Q takes Kt
3. P to K B 4, mate.

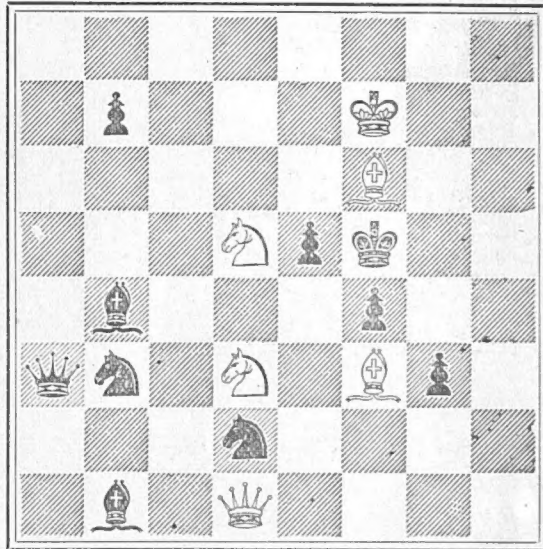
BLACK.
Kt to B 3
P takes Q

PROBLEM No. 170.

By T. FITZARTHAR SMYTHE.

("The Three Knight's Skirmish.")

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following charming little game was one of seven which Mr. Blackburne conducted simultaneously, and without board or men, against seven of the strongest players of the Church Club, at Manchester. This club was opened about two months ago by the indefatigable Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Fraser, and Mr. Blackburne's performance took place on the 3rd instant, at the first general meeting of the members.

Game between Blackburne and Simon.

(Petroff opening.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Blackburne.)	(Mr. Simon.)	(Mr. Blackburne.)	(Mr. Simon.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. R to B 3	Kt to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	14. P to B 5	Kt takes Kt (δ)
3. B to B 4	Kt takes P	15. P takes Kt	B takes K P
4. Kt to B 3	Kt to K B 3 (n)	16. R to K sq	B takes P (ch)
5. Kt takes B	P to Q 4	17. K to R sq	B to Q 3
6. B to Kt 3	B to Q 3	18. Q to K 3	R to Q B 4
7. P to Q 4	P to B 3	19. Q to Q 2	B to R 3
8. Castles	Castles	20. P to B 6	O to Q 2
9. B to Kt 5	Kt to Q 2	21. R to Kt 3	B to Q 3
10. P to B 4	Q to B 2	22. P takes P	Kt takes P
11. Q to K 2	P to Q R 4	23. B to B 6	B takes R
12. P to Q R 4	P to Q Kt 3	24. Q to Kt 5 (c)	Resigns.

(a) Weak. The best move here is Kt takes Kt. P to Q 4 may also be played without disadvantage.

(b) Had he tried to win a piece by P to B 3, White would have finished off the game very elegantly: thus—

WHITE.
15. Kt takes Q P
16. B takes P (ch)
17. Kt to Kt 6 (ch)
Mating next move.

BLACK.
P takes Kt
K to R sq

(c) A perfect picture of a lovely end-game is here realised by this marvellous "blindfold" player.

An interesting game played a few days since at Purcell's, between Herr Gunzberg and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.

[King's Bishop's Gambit declined.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Herr Gunzberg.)	(Mr. S. W. Earnshaw.)	(Herr Gunzberg.)	(Mr. S. W. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. Q to B 2	P to Q R 5
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	16. B to R 2	Q to K 2
3. B to B 4	P to Q 4	17. P to K R 4 (δ)	B takes Kt
4. B takes P	K Kt to B 3	18. R takes B	P to Kt 5
5. Q Kt to B 3	P to B 3	19. R to B sq	Q takes R P
6. B to Kt 3	H to Q Kt 5	20. Kt takes B P	Kt to Kt 6
7. P to Q 3	K B to Kt 5	21. R to Q sq	Kt takes P (c)
8. Kt to B 3	B to Q 3	22. P takes Kt	B to Kt 3 (ch)
9. Castles	Castles	23. R to Q 4	P to R 4 (d)
10. Kt to K 2	Kt to K R 4	24. Kt to Kt 6 (c)	Q to R 8 (ch)
11. P to Q 4	P to K Kt 4	25. K to B 2	Q to R 7
12. P to K 5	B to B 2	26. Kt to K 7 (ch)	K to R sq
13. P to Q B 3	P to Q R 4	27. B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
14. P to Q R 3	Kt to Q 2	28. P takes P	Resigns.

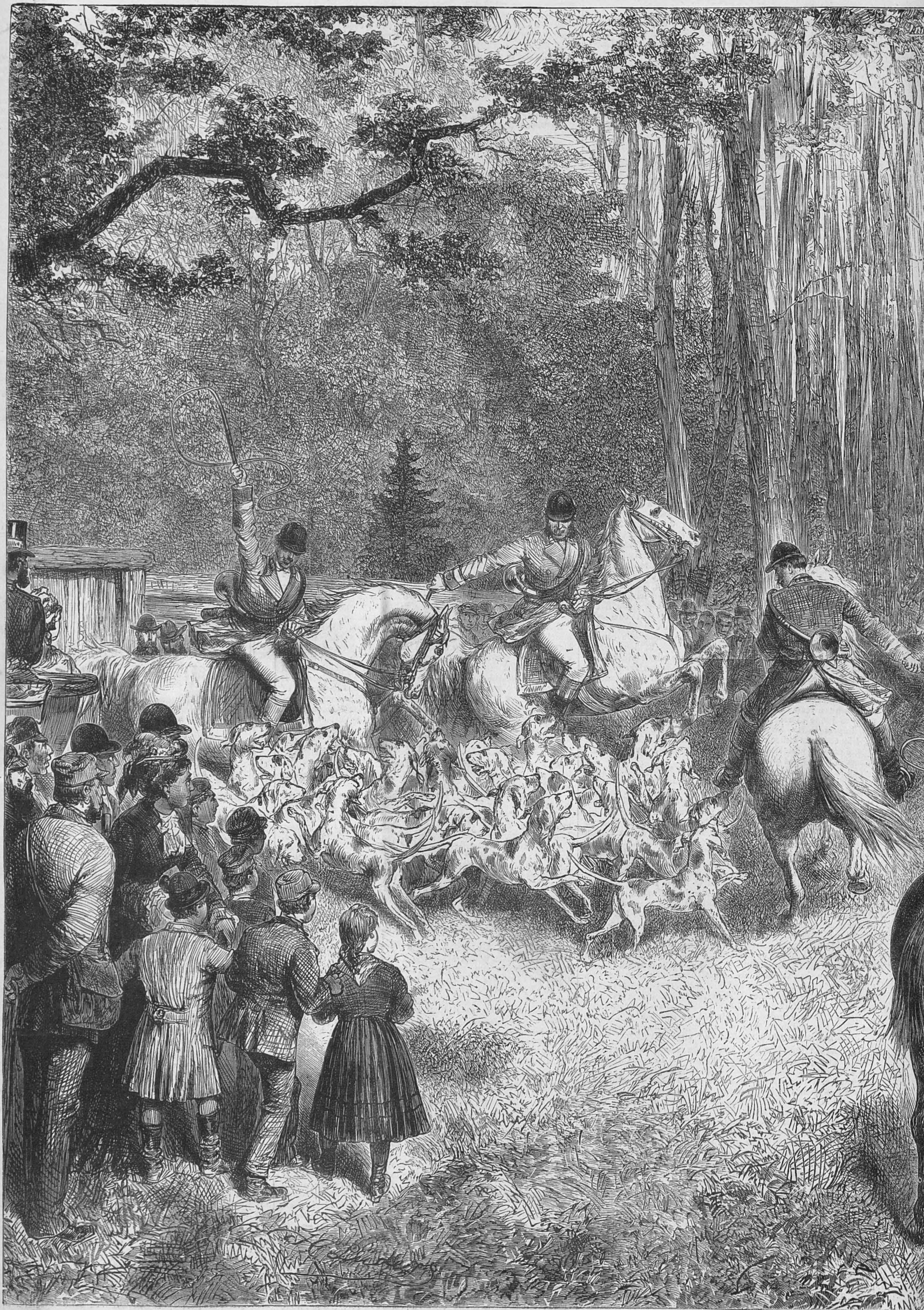
(a) Healthy exercise is no doubt good for a Bishop or any other man, but in the present case it affects injuriously the sovereign whom he pretends to serve. Either he ought not to have pinned the Kt, or having done so, he ought to have removed it.

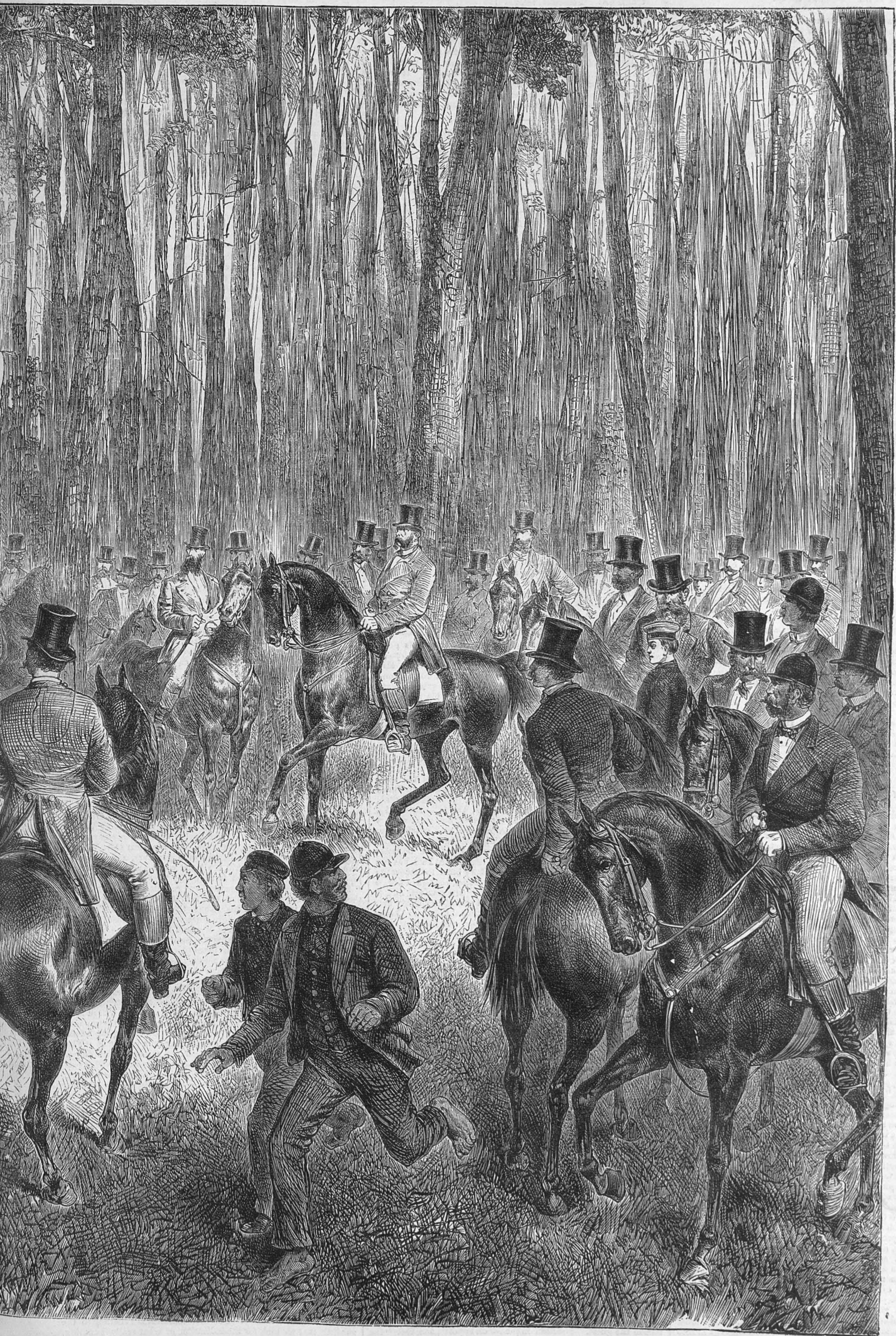
(b) A rash move that ought to have resulted in his discomfiture.

(c) Q R to K sq would have given him an easy victory.

(d) Here again Black neglects the opportunity of bringing his Q R into play.

(e) A very lucky resource that renders Black's game irretrievable.





THE DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH the current programmes of several of the leading theatres continue unaltered—*Engaged* at the Haymarket; *Our Boys*, which reached the 950th representation last night (Friday), at the Vaudeville; *Jane Shore* at the Princess's; *An Unequal Match* and *To Parents and Guardians* at the Prince of Wales's; *The Sorcerer* at the Opera Comique; *The House of Darnley* at the Court; *The Pink Dominoes* at the Criterion; *La Marjolaine* at the Royalty; *Sardanapalus* at the Duke's; and *Simon* at the Holborn Amphitheatre—the Christmas novelties this year are abundantly numerous. Pantomimes, which of late years seemed to be generally going out of fashion as the typical form of Christmas entertainments, are unusually plentiful, and preponderate this year. As noticed in our last number, the Globe and Gaiety (evening performance) produced their Christmas fare a week or so in advance. The continued success of *Jane Shore* at the Princess's causes the postponement of the production of the new fairy drama *Elfinaella* for a few weeks, and the English version of M. Sardou's play *Dora* will be brought out at the Prince of Wales's in about a fortnight. The cast will be a very strong one, and will include Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Messrs. John Clayton, Arthur Cecil, Charles Sugden, and Dean; and Misses Le Thière, Hertz, and Lamartine.

The Queen's Theatre remained closed during the week to allow of the due preparation of the historical drama *Fatherland*, an adaptation from Sardou's famous play, *Patrie*, which is announced to be produced on next Thursday evening.

The morning performances of the pantomimes, &c., will be as follows:—Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Surrey, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; Standard, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; The Gaiety, Adelphi, Aquarium, Sanger's, Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, every afternoon. The Grand Fairy Ballet will be represented at Her Majesty's Theatre in the afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays, as well as each evening.

To-day's morning performances, besides the pantomimes at the various theatres, will comprise, *Engaged*, at the Haymarket.

To-night the St. James's Theatre opens, under the management of Mr. S. Hayes, of the West End box office, Regent-street, with *The School for Scandal*, in which Miss Ada Cavenish will appear as Lady Teazle, supported by a very efficient cast.

The numerous Pantomimes and Christmas novelties will be noticed in succession as below, and continued as space will permit.

CHRISTMAS AT THE PLAY.

BILLS of the play possess the rare advantage of being the only kind of bills that can be studied with pleasure at this presumably festive season of the year. It would be a pleasant enough task, if space permitted of our doing so, to comment more or less copiously on the sheaf of announcements which have been issued by the—the let us hope—the decidedly more than less prosperous London managers. But if everybody's bill of the play published within the area embraced by Kelly's Post Office Directory is to be dealt with, we must be concise in our recognition of the theatrical enterprise which distinguishes the present festive season. An early change in the bill may be expected at the Prince of Wales's. It is whispered in "Court" circles that *The House of Darnley* will not stand for ever. At the Princess's, Royalty, Globe, Duke's, and Opera Comique the fare provided on Boxing Night took the shape of well-approved standard dishes. As might have been expected, *Our Boys* drew crowds to the Vaudeville on the same night—a bit of theatrical history that, for aught present appearances aver to the contrary, is likely to repeat itself for many a Boxing Night to come. The Strand yet relies on its *pièce de resistance*, *Family Ties*, but has changed the dessert. There has been no alteration at the Haymarket, and the same remark applies to the Gaiety and the Adelphi. For the rest, be it our endeavour to present as succinct a chronicle as we have room for of the Christmas shows in London.

COVENT GARDEN.—"PUSS IN BOOTS."

THE provider of the book at this house has relied on the old nursery tale. We are shown in the beginning the interior of a mill. Certain millers are rejoicing over the possession of property left by their late father. Fondalin, the youngest son, returns from school and claims his share, but as Mealy-mouth and Branbruiser express doubts of his being their brother, he is expelled, taking with him the Cat, who steals the Miller's boots. In the second scene the new millstone arrives, and while the wicked Branbruiser is assisting to move it the Cat flies at him. His helpmates, alarmed, let go their hold, and the huge stone falls upon him. The other wicked brother, in chasing the Cat, tumbles into the mill dam. Scene third shows Baron Burleyboy's home. A letter arrives from the giant Fee-Fi-Fum, demanding the hand of his daughter for his nephew, but the Baron resolves to substitute his maiden sister, who agrees. Mignonnetta being tired of her home, resolves to outwit her, and induces the page to lock her aunt in the chamber, while she takes her place in the coach. Thereupon the miller's lawyer discovers that Fondalin is the son of the Marquis Carabas, whom the giant years since slew in battle. The old maid Spindelietta orders instant search to be made for him, and servants and villagers go in pursuit. In the fourth scene the fairies, overhearing the approach of Fondalin, withdraw. Fondalin, delighted at so cool a spot, undresses and bathes, while the Cat amuses himself by tearing his friend's clothes to tatters. The Baron arrives, and the Cat shows him how robbers have waylaid his master and stolen his clothes. The Baron resolves to lend his court suit, and, going to the carriage to obtain it, discovers his daughter instead of his sister. Fondalin, availing himself of the garments, assumes the title of "Marquis," and so imposes on the Baron, who gladly consents that his daughter shall become "Marchioness Carabas," but they are on enchanted ground, where every stick and stone answers directly as a telephone. The Ogre's Elves arrive to conduct Mignonnetta to Castle Carabas, and the servants and horses flee in alarm. In the fifth scene the villagers seek Fondalin. The Baron arrives, followed by the Cat and his master, who has rescued Mignonnetta. Presently, however, a stop is put to the approaching marriage by the sudden appearance of Rover the Reckless, the nephew of the Giant Ogre, who denounces the supposed miller's son as an imposter, and gives Mignonnetta in charge of his elvins, who convey her to the giant's castle. The next scene is the Castle Carabas. The elves arrive with their prize who becomes rather enamoured of her captor. She is taken in charge until Rover can procure the village parson to marry them. Spiderlimbs, the lawyer, and other villagers endeavour to find where she is concealed, and serenade her, to the amusement of the Ogre's elves, with whom a battle takes place. The villagers ultimately retreat, and Mignonnetta is discovered suspended in a cage near the giant. The Cat arrives with a hare as a present, and is permitted to remain. He admits Fondalin, who comes to rescue his intended. The giant derides him, and declares that he is also a necromancer, and can change himself into anything, and as proof of his art he becomes a lion. Fondalin, in alarm, begs him to

become something smaller, and is changed to a mouse, whereupon the Cat kills him. Fondalin rescues the lady, pronounces the cabalistic word, castle dissolves, and reveals the giant's salt cellar and glaciarium, where he has for years kept those human beings in store that he did not immediately wish to eat. Fondalin brings Mignonnetta to the Baron's home, but Rover having fallen in love with her, demands her hand. She is nothing loth, and to save a fight, Fondalin's rustic sweetheart reminds him that she was willing to have him before he acquired his estate. He relents, but Spiderlimbs is already engaged to her. Another quarrel arises, which is terminated by the arrival of the Fairy Queen and then follows the transformation scene and the comic business.

DRURY LANE.—"HARLEQUIN AND THE WHITE CAT."

MR. E. L. Blanchard, the laureate of English pantomime, has again furnished "the book" (and capital reading it is!), of what is called the Grand Drury Lane Annual. To borrow a happy phrase, we may say that it was published by Mr. F. B. Chatterton on Boxing Night, with illustrations of remarkable variety and beauty. The story is founded on the fairy-tale by the Countess d'Aulnoy. It opens at the hunting château and country palace of Mytymama, Queen of Nevernever, in Burgundy, who is celebrating the coming-of-age of her daughter, the Princess Blanchette. The Queen (Miss Harriet Coveney) has promised the fairy Violante, in consideration of her escaping from the consequences of eating some fruit from the fairy's garden, that when her daughter (Mrs. F. Vokes) was born and had attained her eighteenth year, she should be given in marriage to Psycho, the Goblin Dwarf, who is the Fairy's son. In the midst of the festivities—which are attended by King Colorado (Mr. F. Moreland), and his three sons, Prince Natty the Neat (Miss Victoria Vokes), Prince Nectar the Nimble (Miss Jessie Vokes), and Prince Tremor the Nervous (Mr. Fred Vokes)—the old fairy appears, and indignant at the pledge being broken, causes Psycho (Mr. Walter Vokes) to bear off the Princess, in the form of a white cat. Aid is found for the Princess in the Fairies of the Wild Flowers, who meet at the Lake of the Water Lilies, and here takes place the grand ballet, in which Mdlle. Pittier figures. The three Princes follow to the rescue through the Forest of Enchantment, encountering the Cats' School of Cookery in the wood. They arrive at Cats' Castle, where some extraordinary adventures befall them, and finally, after the White Cat's head has been cut off, and she restored to her proper form, the Princess Blanchette marries Prince Natty, and the good fairies celebrate the nuptials by giving them in the transformation scene magnificent bridal gifts. Mr. Wm. Beverley has supplied some splendid scenery and "effects," and the costumes, from the designs of Wilhelm, are bright and original. Herr Meyer has arranged the music, Mr. Bradwell is the author of the tricks, changes, and appointments, and Mr. John Cormack has arranged the action and trained quite an army of juvenile auxiliaries. How well he has done this it is scarcely necessary to say. In the harlequinade, Messrs. Edward Dean and F. Sims are Harlequins, Miss Fanny Lauri and Miss Kate Hamilton Columbines, Miss A. Rosalind is Harlequina à la Watteau, Messrs. H. Lauri and Turtle Jones are Pantaloon, and Messrs. Charles Lauri and F. Evans Clowns. The Drury Lane pantomime is undoubtedly the pantomime of the season. Everybody should see it.

SURREY.—"DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT."

Another cat! The full title of the People's Caterer's pantomime runs: *Dick Whittington and his Cat*; or, *Harlequin Beau Bell, Gog and Magog, and the Rats of Rat's Castle*. Mr. Frank Green, who has written this pantomime, is to be congratulated on a very clever production. When the scene opens, we find King Rat (Mr. F. Hinde), surrounded by his numerous family, who receive a visit from the Colorado Beetle (Mr. George Prior). The latter is interrupted by the arrival of Beau Bell (Miss M. Marshall), an emissary from Fairyland, on his way to London, whither he is sent to look after Dick (Miss Topsy Venn), and all are horrified to find that he is accompanied by a cat (Master Forrest). The rats are told by the Colorado Beetle, who has travelled through Barbary, that there are no cats there, and they determine to emigrate thither. In the interior of the shop of Master Hugh Fitzwarren (Mr. W. Brunton), we are introduced to Chumpo, his errand boy (Mr. C. Pearson, the Sussex dwarf), Betsibella Mr. A. Williams), and Simon, the idle apprentice (Mr. Harry Taylor), Dick and his cat arrive, but meet with a cool reception from Fitzwarren. A prentice riot takes place, and Alice, Fitzwarren's daughter (Miss Nellie Moon), being in danger, is rescued by Dick, to whom she becomes attached. On Highbate Hill Beau Bell relates that Dick has run away, and how he intends, by means of fairy bells, to encourage him to return. Dick arrives, and falling asleep, sees in a dream the City Bells, who persuade him to return. He awakes, and is visited by Alice; the cook, apprentice, and errand-boy follow her, and the party return. In her "Floral Retreat" the Fairy Queen resolves that Dick shall be made Lord Mayor, and we are treated to a grand spectacular ballet. The Saucy Polly is on the point of sailing from the Port of London, and Dick is persuaded to join the crew. Alice resolves to accompany him in male disguise. Simon, Chumpo, and Betsi are seized by a press-gang, carried aboard, and the vessel sails, leaving Fitzwarren in despair at the loss of his daughter. We now come to "The Court of Sago, King of Barbary," where all are in a state of terror at the fearful prevalence of rats. News is brought of a shipwreck. Dick, Alice, &c., are brought in as prisoners, and Simon and Betsi are sold by auction. Dick is at first selected for death, when Alice, volunteering to take his place, reveals her identity. King Sago pardons them, and appoints them to high offices in his household. The party sit down to dinner, when the rats overrun the tables, destroying everything, but the cat comes to the rescue. Various quaint pictures of old London and other diversions lead up to the gorgeous transformation scene, "The Fairy Home of Pomona in the Umbregious Groves of Fruit and Fancy." The scenery is by C. Brooke, J. Gray, and assistants; the costumes designed by W. Holland; properties and grotesque masks by W. Jackson; music by Sidney Davis; the comic scenes by Tom Lovell; and the whole produced under the superintendence of W. Holland and J. H. Doyne. Clown, Tom Lovell; Harlequin, Albert le Fre; Pantaloon, Albert de Voy; Columbine, Miss Rachel Brookes; Policeman, Frank Hinde. The sisters Elliott are the principal dancers.

NEW GRECIAN.—"HARLEQUIN ROLY-POLY."

Like several other of the titles of the pantomimes, the name Mr. Conquest has given to this is unconscionably long. It reads *Harlequin Roly-Poly*; or, *Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and the Charmed Umbrella*. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Spry are the authors. A princess, at her christening was presented with a charmed umbrella, which the Man in the Moon carries off, and transforms the Water Sprite into a Roly-poly Pudding and the Royal Baker into a Ghost. The story opens when she has arrived at maturity, and offers to become the bride of whoever will restore the charmed umbrella. The Princes of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water pursue the guest. The Man in the Moon appears, and casts "the

ingham" into the middle of the earth. Prince Coal and the Elements follow. He gets the umbrella, and claims his bride. Prince Air blows it from his land, and carries her off to his castle in the air, the entrance of which is guarded by a monster parrot. It is overcome by Roly-Poly, the water sprite, who assumes its shape, and so overhears where the umbrella is concealed. Here a Ballet of Insects takes place. Roly-Poly resumes his own form, obtains possession of the umbrella, and is escaping when he is met by Flamo, who takes it from him. The various characters then endeavour to enter the realms of Fire, and succeed in doing so by disguising themselves as a half-hundred of coals, a box of matches, and a bundle of firewood. Once there they are discovered and threatened with instant death, but Roly-Poly succeeds in setting fire to the talisman and retains its possession. Flamo, by means of a torpedo, descends to the bottom of the sea, where a desperate phantom fight occurs, and the ghostly baker becomes possessed of the charmed umbrella. Then comes the transformation scene. The cast includes Messrs. George Conquest and Son, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, &c.; Misses Maud Stafford Ascot and Emily Spiller, F. Sedgley, M. A. Victor, Denvil, Laura and Ada Conquest, assisted by a powerful chorus and ballet. The scenery is by Messrs. C. Brooks, W. Calcott, Soames, Summersley, Spry, &c. The new and original music is composed and selected by Mr. Oscar Barrett; the whole produced under the direction of Mr. Geo. Conquest. The honours of the evening must, of course, be awarded to Mr. George Conquest, who plays the title rôle with his accustomed success, and delighted his audience by his clever impersonations of a parrot and a dwarf. The mechanical head of the latter is a marvel of construction and management. Mr. Herbert Campbell, as Doughduff (the Ghost of his former self), provokes roars of laughter, and his song, "Keep it Dark," was wildly encored. Count Grummerhangrim (Mr. Henry Nichols), who, though superficially a bold, bad baron, and a "desperate man," owns, in a much applauded song, to being "such a simple little thing," affords much amusement, as also does Jouvillier (the Court Fool). Mr. E. Vincent, Miss Florence Sidley, Miss Maud Stafford, Miss Ascot Spiller, and Miss M. A. Victor were seen to great advantage in their respective rôles, and Misses Laura and Ada Conquest won great applause by their graceful dancing. The ballets are charmingly composed, and dressed with great taste. Prettier coryphées, more prettily dressed, have seldom been seen. The "Fire Fiends' Revel" was probably the most effective. Several songs were encored. The "Pearly Palace in Dinah's Starry Home" is a gorgeous climax to a most successful performance. The harlequinade is laughably sustained by Reuben Inch (Clown), Ozmond (Harlequin), and Misses Barry and Ozmond (Columbines). The comic business is fresh and lively.

STANDARD.—"THE ENCHANTED PRINCE."

MR. JOHN Douglas, the author of the Standard pantomimes for the past thirteen years, is responsible for the present year's annual at this most important house. The full title reads, *The Enchanted Prince*; or, *Harlequin Beauty and the Bears*. The story opens in Vulcan's smithy, where Prince Prim (Miss K. Neville) seeks to gain from Vulcan (Mr. Bishop) the magic horse-shoe, which gives a knowledge of the future to its possessor. Vulcan by its means shows the Prince his future wife, and then transforms him into a ferocious bear. Fairy Brilliant (Miss A. Raynor) interferes, and limits the period of enchantment until some fair maid shall love him for himself alone. We now come to the "Home of Nouredin," a photographic artist, of Teheran (Mr. John Barnum), who, deeply in debt, and with two sour old step-daughters, Gulnare and Emmarina (Miss Rose Montgomery and Mr. Frank Percival) is at his wits' end how to obtain money. Moreover his own daughter, Snow White (Miss Eugénie Valckenaire), is shamefully treated by her step-sisters, and he cannot interfere. The "Gate of Teheran," a splendid illustration of life in a Persian city, is where Nouredin plies his trade; and Snow White being observed by one Prince Ahmed (Miss Milly Howes), he demands her hand of her father. The sisters are furious, Nouredin dares not oppose them, but says he will depart. The Wild Bear is now devastating the country, and the Shah offers a reward for his destruction. The step-daughters urge their father to undertake the task, and he does so to be rid of them. His servant, Shacabac (Mr. Cyrus Bell), who is continually causing quarrels in the house, goes with him, also Prince Ahmed, and the trio start on their journey, with the good wishes of the town. While in "The Woods, outside the Bear's Domain," Nouredin remembers he has promised Gulnare an Indian shawl and Emmarina some money, whilst Snow White has asked only for a rose. After having dined in a sumptuous manner, Nouredin plucks the rose, and the Bear (Mr. Walter Laburnham) appears in the disguise of a gardener, and offers to take them where they can kill the beast while he sleeps. Overjoyed at their apparent good fortune they follow their guide into "The Python's Hunt." Here the Bear reveals himself, and tells them that unless within a day the fairest of Nouredin's daughters consents to come to his haunt, the merchant will form his next meal. In terror Nouredin consents, and the Bear proceeds to demonstrate how impossible it would be to escape from here, by summoning a horde of fantastic forms, pythons, and hissing serpents. A grand ballet now takes place, called *The Charming of the Serpent*, and the scene terminates with a novel and brilliant spectacular display, in which the Beast condemns Shacabac to a surprising metamorphosis, tormenting him with the appearance of a double. When Nouredin imparts the dreadful news, Snow White resolves to face all dangers, and reaches "The Palace of the Bear," whereupon the creature at once falls in love with her, offers to make her his wife, and shows her the wonders of his kingdom in "The Palace Gardens," occupying the whole extent of the vast stage, and culminating in a picture of "The Glory of the Nations," which produces a magnificent effect. Snow White returns home. The sisters make her overstay her time, and the bear is disconsolate at her loss, when she returns, avows her love, thus breaking the spell put upon the Prince, who now appears in human form, to the confusion of the sisters, and the delight of Snow White. In the grand transformation scene, "The Vision of the Lily," thirteen changes take place ere its beauties are fully developed. The scenery is by Mr. Richard Douglas, Mr. John Neville, and assistants; the properties and appointments by Mr. F. Hillman and assistants; the music by Mr. W. Corri; the comic scenes by Mr. Will Orkins; costumes by M. Eustave Lafayette and Mrs. Lindford. Harlequin, Mr. Vincent; Columbine, Miss St. Pierre; Clown, Mr. Will Orkins; Pantaloon, Mr. C. Bishop; Policeman, Mr. Perrin. Altogether, this year's pantomime at the Standard may be pronounced one of the best ever produced at this mammoth establishment.

THE AQUARIUM THEATRE,

The pantomime here is called, *A Frog He Would a Wooing Go*; or, *Harlequin Sleeping Beauty, and the Wicked Demons of the Mystic Pool*. As it is a tradition of the stage, dating from the days of the immortal Joey himself, that a pantomime, to be successful and attractive, must deal with the heroes and heroines of our nursery stories in some way, the mere fact of a familiar name being given to a pantomime has very little to do with the construction of its story. For this reason it is generally to the sub-title that we look for the indication of what really is coming,

and so it is at the Aquarium. The plot turns in this case not upon Froggy's disobedience of his ma and pa when he went a wooing, but upon the possession of a magic diadem, a Sleeping Beauty business, and a war between fairies and demons of the good old-fashioned pantomimic kind. The magic sleep which has overtaken the Princess, calls forth the following proclamation:—

"Whereas the beautiful Princess Loveliness
Was found asleep upon the kitchen dresser,
And can't awake from that nap till we
The magic diadem again shall see:
This is to tell you that our daughter's hand
We'll give to anyone within the land
Who to restore the gem will undertake, ah!
And from her far too forte winks awake her,
As a reward, too, who the gems will bring,
We'll stand a pot of beer to—"

(Signed)

The King."

This brings forward a pair of suitors, Prince Reckless and Prince Radiant (Miss Jenny Hill and Miss Bessy Bonehill), whose contention is joined by the evil and good supernatural partisans, one on either side. Froggy, possessing the diadem, at last, after "a lilly-white duck" had gobbled him up with his "role, poley, gammon," etc., carries off the Radiantly awakened Princess to his marshy lair, pursued by the King, her father, the Queen, her mother, the Prince, her betrothed, and all the King's men and allies—including Russia (heartily hissed by the audience) and Turkey (as heartily applauded), England, and a baby British admiral, who toddled down to the foot-lights to draw his little blade and sing a warlike song, which plunged the entire audience into roar after roar of laughter. As the tiny voice strained to its utmost capacity boasted our ships, men, and money, and the little round grave face, full of earnestness faced the audience, the effect was irresistibly comic, and a tremendous outburst of applause brought the little fellow down the stage to sing again and again. It was evidently a very serious bit of business to the baby, and when every face before him was distorted with laughter, he eyed them with an air of profound solemnity which was irresistibly funny. Scenery, ballet, and costumes were all excellent, and the musical, vocal, and instrumental elements have all been carefully blended to make a most attractive whole. By-the-bye, a letter inviting our representative to witness the first performance of this pantomime, was ignominiously returned to him as useless, because unsigned. This should be looked to for the future.

ALHAMBRA.

The Christmas novelty at the Alhambra is a spectacular and musical version of "Le Diable à Quatre," written by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece, entitled *Wildfire; or, The Village Bewitched*. In the first scene we are introduced to the witches' hovel, and find that Wildfire (Miss E. Chambers) has summoned the witches, in order to consult them as to some practical fun that may be played upon the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It is arranged that their victims be Daisy (Miss Lennox Grey), the wife of Kit the cobbler, a would-be lord of the creation, and the baroness (Miss Pattie Laverne), wife of the Baron Hey Derry Downe; and the witches agree that these ladies should all change places. In the second scene we have a representation of the grand saloon in the castle of Derry Downe, and we discover that the baroness is a home-ruler, who keeps her husband, the baron (Mr. J. H. Ryley) and his daughter, Azurine (Miss Adelaide Newton), under perfect control. In Scene 3, we behold the village green, with the customary inn, in which Wildfire is officiating as waiter, and Kit the cobbler (Mr. H. Paulton) is one of its patrons; we learn from him how the world ought to be governed, and how he would put a curb on all strong-minded women. Prince Sigismund (Mr. Nordblom) comes with the baron, the baroness, and Azurine to honour the village fete with their presence, and are welcomed by Daisy and her companions, the scene concluding with a danse rustique by Mdles. Sismondi, Rosa, Richards, Melville, and the corps de ballet. Scene 4 is the haunted fen, in which the transformation of Daisy and the baroness takes place. An amusing scene is one in the home of Kit, where we find the baroness, who has been transformed into the counterpart of Daisy, dwelling with him. Other scenes take place in the castle of Derry Downe, where Daisy is residing. She cannot understand being made so comfortable until Wildfire appears and informs her of the mysterious change that has taken place. Kit is brought before her on a charge of poaching, and Daisy reads him a good lesson. The act concludes with a scene in the lamp-lit gardens of the castle, in which a grand military ballet takes place in honour of the approaching nuptials of Prince Sigismund with Azurine, Mdles. Pertoldi and Gillert, and M. A. Jossett appearing in the ballet. Act third begins at the mill on the borders of the forest, where we find the Baron and Daisy enjoying the delights of the country, while the Baroness is endeavouring to escape from the officers of justice, who hold a warrant for her apprehension for a breach of the peace. Then we have the Court House, in which Kit and the Baroness are about to have a "Trial by Jury," for their different offences. After various speeches from the Prosecution and Defence, and by the assistance of Wildfire, the verdict is arrived at, that they are allowed to return to their respective partners, being simply bound over to keep the piece. This happy denouement is celebrated by a grand ballet of jewels, and then comes the Transformation, and the Rowella Family appear as Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon. In respect of colour and effect, the ballets in this piece are quite worthy of the reputation of the establishment for that kind of thing, and Mr. Paulton has been fitted with a capital part.

BRITANNIA.—"ROMINAGROBIS; OR, THE TAIL OF A CAT."

Another cat! The story is written (in Cheshire?) by Mr. Fred Marchant. Rominagrobis, formerly a wicked enchanter, by the superior magic of the Fairy Joyeuse has been transformed into a cat and deprived of his tail, wherein remains secreted all his former powers. The Fairy Joyeuse being by Rominagrobis robbed of her youth, discovers that if three talismans be accidentally possessed by mortals they may not only assist in restoring to her perpetual youth, but at the same time assist the finders in their own wishes. Alaine, Naby, and Babolin (Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Pollie Randall, and Mr. G. Lewis) obtain these talismans, which are in the shapes of an old umbrella, a worn handkerchief, and a glove. The first has the power of transporting the owner to whatever spot he pleases; the second provides any amount of gold; whilst the glove when worn renders Babolin invisible. Rominagrobis' tail, the counter-charm to these, falling into the hands of Fanfarinette (Mr. F. Foster), enables him to play a number of pranks in direct opposition to the will of the others. He fixes his amorous desires upon Annette and Cornichette (Mdles. Rayner and Summers), but is in the end frustrated. There are many other characters which appear prominently in the pantomime, notably the Baron Mirandole (Mr. J. B. Bigwood), and Thomassin (Mr. Hyde). The music, arranged by Mr. H. Lippyeat, is lively and "catching." The scenery is by Messrs. W. Charles and C. Douglass, the ballet by the Lupino Troupe, the dresses by Mrs. May, properties by Mr. J. Short, mechanical effects by Mr. H. Ellis. The Transformation Scene is full of splendour. The harlequinade is arranged and supported

by the Lupino Family. Mrs. S. Lane's pantomime will, in all respects, bear comparison with the best pieces of the kind further west.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE THEATRE.

The pantomime *St. George and the Dragon* was produced under the direction of Mr. Henry Emden, who has also painted the transformation and other scenes. The youngsters hailed with the usual pleasure their old nursery friends, Mother Bunch, Mother Goose, and Mother Hubbard, and school boys and girls could not but be delighted by the genial and pretty Holiday and Half-holiday, who pleaded for the things they represented with grandly illustrated precepts, in which somehow—we are not clear how—Pongo and Cleopatra's needle, the Colorado beetle, and other curiously associated things had got strangely mixed up, as in pantomimes and dreams things always do. The pantomime has some charming scenery, and the transformation portion is one of unsurpassed magnificence and gorgeousness, taking high rank amongst the most elaborate and ingenious this year placed upon stage. The harlequinade is full of fun, and goes with great briskness and spirit.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

The Christmas programme at St. George's Hall includes two new sketches, one by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled *A Musical Almanac*, a parody of an amateur vocal performance, in which Mr. Grain presents, with amusing fidelity, the various characteristics of the singers, being greatly aided by his talent as a musician on the pianoforte. The most successful impersonation is, perhaps, that of the gentleman who essays to sing a French comic song. The other sketch is called *Our New Doll's House; a Fairy (Re) Vision in one Peep*, and is one of those fanciful pieces which the clever little company at St. George's Hall have made peculiarly their own. The words are by Mr. Wye, and the tasteful pretty music by Mr. Cotsford Dick. Among the songs which proved most successful were the duet "A Vexed Question," sung by Mr. Corney Grain and Miss Leonora Braham; the song, "Wee Sing," a pigeon English ditty, delightfully sung by Miss Fanny Holland; and a taking merry air, "The Admiral at Sea," sung by Miss Braham, with the company for chorus. Altogether, the representation is excellent. *Once in a Century* still retains its popularity.

MARYLEBONE.—"HARLEQUIN, JACK IN THE BOX."

That ought to have been enough in the way of a title, one would think, but Mr. Frank Green has added, and *Little Bo-Peep who Lost her Sheep, and the Pretty Fairies who Found Them*. Colorado Beetle (Mr. J. Wieland), Golden-heart (Miss Lizzie Ballantyne), Jack-in-the-Box (Mr. W. H. Day), Poppet's nurse (Mr. G. Skinner), Poppet's sweetheart, Little Bo-peep (Miss Laura Marsden), Prince Pageant (Miss Nellie O'Neill), Poppet (Miss Maria Allen), Corderoy (Mr. J. Avondale), King Carraway (Mr. H. Evans), Sir Flippington Flash (Miss A. Warden), Princess Radiant (Miss Edith Grateauve), are amongst the mortals, monsters, and fairies and what not, who take part in Messrs. Cave and West's Annual, which is brisk, amusing and well put on. Abundant use is made by the author of popular craze about the Colorado beetle and other topics of the day. The transformation scene, "The Island of Jewels," has been in preparation for over six months, and occupies the whole of the stage, which is one of the largest in London. The harlequinade is supported by Mr. Alfred Carena, and those famous pantomimists, the Boltons.

PAVILION.—"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;"

Or, Harlequin Perfect and the Good Fairies of the Land of Rhyme and Reason. Mr. Frank Green is also the author of this pantomime. The leading *dramatis personae* are—Ignorance (Mr. Danvers); Prince Azor (Miss Simpson); Knowledge (Miss Wolff); Progress (Katey Cohen); Little Mirth (Miss C. Alexander); the Beast (Mr. Holdsworth); and Baron Grumbleton (Mr. Clifton); the Baroness (Mr. English); Beauty's ugly sisters, Clawrinda and Spittina (Mr. G. Connolly and Mr. Wilton); Perfect (Miss P. Alexander); Slobbero (Mr. A. Alexander); Dr. Pillboxer (Mr. H. Lynn); Beauty (Miss M. Webster); and Rumbolo (Mr. John Alexander), a servant of the Beast's. Virtue being rewarded, and Vice satisfactorily punished, we are speedily taken to the Transformation scene, "The Birth of Minerva," designed and painted by Mr. R. Hyde, which equals, if it does not surpass, any of that artist's previous productions. The dresses are by Mrs. Morris Abrahams and Mrs. Nelson. The properties by Mrs. Clifden, and the whole piece, which is brightly written, well acted, and embellished with excellent scenery, is produced under the superintendence of Mr. Isaac Cohen. The harlequinade could not have been better.

ALBION.—"LITTLE TOM TUCKER,"

Who Sang for his Supper; or, Harlequin Lord Mayor's Show and the Fairy Bells of Limehouse, Poplar, and Bow, is the title of the Christmas piece at this theatre. It is written by Messrs. Frank W. Green and Oswald Allan. We are introduced to the Demon Bells, headed by Bell of Bow (Mr. Ferguson), who are plotting against Little Tommy Tucker, who is going to be apprenticed at the same time that Rapido, a fast young swell, is proceeding thither for the same object. They promise to aid Rapido, but the Fairy Bluebell (Miss O. Rivers) promises to protect Tom. Thereafter we come across the following entertaining personages, who aid in representing and telling a most diverting story:—Dame Tucker (Mr. J. Murray), an impecunious schoolmistress; Tommy Tucker (Miss Julia Summers); Baron Bombero (Mr. G. Archer); Mary (Miss Hetty Towers), Tom's sweetheart; Rapido (Miss F. Seaman); Tiny Little Tim (Miss Rosenberg); Graball (Mr. Green), a miserly rag and bone merchant; and Mrs. Graball (Mr. H. Ricketts). In the scene of Old London on Lord Mayor's Show Day we witness a grand spectacular display. The Baron and Rapido steal Graball's cash box, and Tom is unjustly accused of the theft. However, all comes right ultimately, according to good old pantomimic tradition, and he is united to his faithful Mary. The scenery is by Mr. Cracknell, the music by Mr. Lawson, the dresses by Mrs. F. Abrahams, the machinery by Mr. Simmonds, and the pantomime placed on the stage by Mr. G. Hamilton (stage manager), under the personal superintendence of Mr. Fred Abrahams.

VICTORIA.

The Indian Queen, a drama, was produced at this house on Christmas Eve, with Miss Marie Henderson in the part of the heroine, supported by those well-known favourites, Messrs. C. Sennett, W. Grisdale, Miss E. Miller, and a strong company. The performance found favour in the regards of the patrons of "Queen Victoria's own Theatre."

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.—"JACK THE VALIANT," is the leading title of the pantomime produced at this transportation house, the sub-title being *Harlequin Goodchild's Pantomime, the Naughty Baron, the Mermaids, and the Giants*. The story is by Roland Quiz, and is taken by permission from

the *Young Folks' Budget*. The Misses Kate, Rose, and Amy Fanchette, are supported by the stock company. Harry Ritella is Clown; Tom Cubitt, Harlequin; Harry Parker, Pantaloon; and Jenny Henley, Columbine. The new scenery, transformation, and grand set ballet scenes are the work of W. H. Freeman and Messrs. Gonzale, Hayman, and assistants. The mechanical effects by Messrs. Burns, Wood, and assistants. The incidental music is composed and arranged by Mr. Harry Day. The dresses by Mesdames Ponsoni and St. Yeo, of Paris. The whole is produced under the personal superintendence of Miss Marie Henderson, the author, and Mr. Frank Fuller, the stage-manager.

STRAND.—"THE RED ROVER."

BELIEVING, as we implicitly do, in the capacity of the Strand company, as it is at present constituted, to make "go" the dullest burlesque that was ever written, we have no doubt about the longevity of *The Red Rover*; or, *I believe you, my Buoy*. As presented on Wednesday night, the piece lacked to some extent both coherence and interest. It bore evidences of hasty preparation. We seemed to perceive, as the burlesque sped, the possibilities of the *Red Rover*—and only the possibilities. A well-written prologue spoken by Horace Wigan, introduced the story. In front of a toy theatre, armed with a white wand, Mr. Horace Wigan stands, and prepares the audience, by means of a neatly recited prologue, for what they are to expect. Thereafter follows the fun. Little or no liberties have been taken with the well-worn legend. We meet in the flesh with the Red Rover and his crew. They go through the usual "business." They tell the looked-for story. Miss Lottie Venn is to be credited with the principal success, and next to her comes Miss Rachael Sanger. The latter lady is a great acquisition to the Strand company. Mrs. Clouston Foster gave a clever, if somewhat weak, delineation of Gertrude's aunt, Madame de Lally, while Misses La Fenillade, de Grev, and Williams play small parts efficiently. Mr. Harry Cox plays the part of the nigger with great comic effect, and dances admirably. Mr. W. S. Penley and Mr. F. Mitchell achieve much with slight material, and upon M. Marius, as the Red Rover, the great weight of the piece rests. When the *Red Rover* is "pulled together" it will become a genuine Strand success. We shall have occasion to revert to it again.

EAST LONDON.

The Christmas novelty at the above favourite place of amusement is a new and original Irish drama, written by Mortimer Murdock, and entitled *Caed Mille Failthe*. The period of the drama is about the year 1798. Throughout the stirring scenes and animated dialogue afford abundant opportunities for the production of telling effects by a strong and well-organised company. The piece was produced under the direction of Mr. Isaac Cohen.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.

The Crystal Palace pantomime was produced on Saturday, and attracted a large audience. It is called *The Sleeping Beauty*, and adheres with tolerable fidelity to the incidents of the old nursery story known by that title. The scenery and pictorial effects are varied and artistic—the costumes rich and cleverly designed. The transformation scenery, by Mr. Charles Brew, although painted with excellent effect, sadly wanted the charm of novelty in design. The most striking of the scenic effects was "The Goblin Wood," by Mr. Julian Hicks. The weird strangeness and fantastic horrors of tangled boughs, swaying to and fro, clutching the air as if in the throes of hunger and fierceness, the gigantic, gnarled, and wen-deformed old trees, with their half human, demoniac faces and forms, great rolling eyes, and huge mouths, slowly opening, to reveal terrible fangs, and closing as reluctantly, gave a grotesque hideousness to the effect, which was enthusiastically appreciated. The goblin trees, too, are endowed with strange powers of locomotion, and add much to the mystic terrors of the scene, which appears to have been modelled after one Mr. Gus. Harris introduced with his *Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden Theatre some years ago. The chief novelty is the Mirror scene, in which a double set of dancers, attired exactly alike, one before and the other behind a transparent scene, go through the same dances and assume the same attitudes, the one appearing to be a reflection of the other, save now and then when the reflections are a little too fast and get in advance of the objects they are supposed to reflect, a defect which, although curious, was amusing, and this being a first performance were, with other similar defects, readily overlooked and good humouredly laughed at. The mechanical effects, too, did not go altogether so smoothly on Saturday as they have done since, but they were very ingeniously contrived, and elicited no little applause. The armies of children representing different nationalities, were well disciplined, and both infantry and cavalry bore emblematic shields and banners. The Turks were received with marked signs of approval. Amongst the features which assume prominence as novel we have a real pack of hounds. The dances are admirable, and the ladies who personated the principal characters (Miss Edith Bruce and Miss Bryant) contributed, by their graceful dancing and singing, and their pretty costumes, to what we are happy to record as a decided success.

THE PARK.—"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK."

Mr. Charles Milward, the author of a vast number of pantomimes, has supplied Madame St. Claire with the first piece of the kind which she has produced at the Park. It bears the title of *Jack and the Beanstalk; or, Harlequin and the Spirit of Adventure*, and in every respect is an admirable piece. In Messrs. Grimani and John Johnson Madame St. Claire has had the assistance of two excellent scene-painters, and in Mr. John Lauri she has secured a ballet-master of approved skill and taste. Amongst the sterling artists who take part in the opening, we may mention Madame Rose Bell, whose vocal talents were sure to give life and soul to all; Mr. George Temple, and Miss Katie Logan. The Giant Gorgibuster is capably played by Mr. H. M. Clifford; while Messrs. Squire, Burt, and Dixon contrive to be very amusing as Mother Redcap, Tommy Tucker, and Simple Simon. The ballet, though on a small scale, is very graceful. After the display of the transformation scene, four brief scenes of harlequinade are given, the pantomimists being Miss D'Antoine (columbine), Mr. G. W. Phillips (harlequin), Mr. Lionel Dixon (clown), and Mr. Robert Roberts (Policeman XXX). About the success of the whole performance there can be no doubt.

SANGER'S (ASTLEY'S) THEATRE.

Whittington and His Wonderful Cat; or, Harlequin and Johnny Gilpin and His Ride to Edmonton is the name of the pantomime at the great old horsey theatre in the Westminster-road. It is an odd jumble of times, places, persons, and costumes, but it is none the less wonderful for that. In quick succession it provides a series of the most imposing and brilliant spectacles, in which everything that glitters and color, light music, song and dance, grand processions, startling mechanical effects, grotesque masks and costumes, excellent scenery, wonderful acrobatic feats, beautiful highly-trained steeds, and pretty women, daintily and scantily attired, can do to charm audiences has been lavishly done.



SCENE FROM "HARLEQUIN AND THE WHITE CAT," AT DRURY LANE.

J.H. FRISTON del.

OUR TRAGEDY MERCHANT.

BY
THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

"Will you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true;
I'll lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

It was our "Tragedy Merchant" who sang these words about midnight in mid-winter at the dingy little piano in our lodgings at Norwich. I called him our Tragedy Merchant in a friendly way, because he was playing leading-business. As a matter of fact he was a gentleman by birth, breeding and education. How he came up on the stage in a professional capacity, I leave to the



many officers in Her Majesty's Military Service who have donned the sock and buskin to imagine. He had been subaltern in a crack cavalry regiment. He and I became friendly on a first acquaintance, albeit we were both slow at making new acquaintanceships. He had not more than arrived at the refrain of the first stanza of the touching old song he had begun to sing, before I was aware that some unusual circumstance had made him really emotional.

I may tell you in confidence, that he was one of the worst actors I have ever seen upon the stage. But he sang the song with feeling. And because he broke down at the last repetition of the last line, I could not help asking him what the matter was. He hesitated for a few moments, and then said:

"I don't see why I should not tell you all the truth about myself. Hitherto I have been candid enough with you, but I have never told you why I went upon the stage. You will, of course, say 'A woman of course.' Well, I answer, it was a woman. But not an actress, nor any woman connected even remotely with the dramatic profession. She was my own cousin by blood. I belonged to the poor side of the family. That, however, did not prevent us from being playmates. The earliest thing I can remember is her taking my part, when I was accused of breaking a window, or something of that sort. I loved her from that moment. We were allowed to grow up together more or less, until the time when I had to go to college. I went on a visit to her people three years later. And I found I loved her more than ever, and she said solemnly she had never loved but me. We both swore with all our hearts, that without each other we could not live. I had left college at the time, and joined a cavalry regiment. Had I married her, I would have made my way through poverty to fame and riches. But her position was such that she must have sacrificed the paltry dowry her father would give her at marriage if she chose to marry me, and face the world with me penniless. She did not love me enough to choose the latter alternative. I am not going to trouble you with the actual reasons why I elected the stage as my profession. But when I went on the stage, I had still hope—hope inspired by her own words—that she would join me very soon, and throw the hollow imposition that the world calls respectability to the four winds.

"She has not kept her word." Our Tragedy Merchant here took a London newspaper from his pocket, and handing it to me, pointed out in the marriage column the announcement of a certain marriage. "That is the notice of her marriage," said he. "She has married a school-fellow of my own, a man of wealth, a man without brains. She will be tolerably happy. He is incapable of feeling miserable over anything more serious than a heavy drunk. I am devilish wretched, because I was fool

enough to believe in the fidelity of a woman. And I am singing this old song (pointing to the music on the piano), because it was a favourite song of hers, and because my own name is Douglas.

I would not have narrated this circumstance in regard to "Our Tragedy Merchant," had I not subsequently been made acquainted with an event which occurred almost simultaneously with it in a London drawing room.

Captain Cuff, as I shall call him, had been married to Our Tragedy Merchant's sweetheart with considerable pomp at about the same moment when our people were called for rehearsal at Norwich. A lady who occupied the distinguished position of bridesmaid upon the solemn occasion is willing to vouch for the accuracy of my following statements.

The marriage had been a private one. There was no necessity for the "happy pair" to hurry away by rail, road and steamboat, to those continental paradises where newly-married couples can learn in a concentrated form all the miseries that are attendant upon an ill-assorted union.

To my story. There were only a few friends assembled—friends of the family don't you know. The bridegroom was hilarious—not to say slightly intoxicated. His hilarity was almost conspicuous. The bride was as pale as death. "How retiring your wife is, Captain Cuff!" remarked a dear kind soul, a married lady of three years' experience—to the cheerful not to say inebriate bridegroom. Bridegroom assists himself to his legs by the aid of sundry table ornaments, which are smashed in the operation.—"My wife retiring—she won't go till I go, you can take your gospel oath of that." Lady explains that by *retiring*, she meant modest, bashful, nervous, &c. "Not a bit of it," says Bridegroom. "You want her to sing. She sings like a bird. You should just hear her sing. When you're playing cards—room b'low—most astonishing feat on the cards. She won't sing. I'll soon make her sing." Bridegroom makes a sort of zigzag through the room, and stops opposite a mature matron. "Look here," he says, "look here; are you going to sing or are you not?" The matron, astonished for the moment, quickly recovers her self-possession, remembers that the gentleman has property, and says: "I should be delighted to sing, but you know my daughters have been singing to-night, and it would be unfair, to say the least of it—would it not?—for me to enter into the lists with them." Bridegroom, seeing his mistake, says, "You be blowed. Where's my wife? My wife must sing. Guests demand a song from my wife. Guests must be attended to before anybody else. There have been complaints already about Scotch whiskey. Where is my wife? I was married to-morrow—I mean I was married this morning. And my wife must sing a



song. Lord bless you, don't tell me; I know lots of songs she sings. I like Scotch songs myself. Scotch songs, Scotch whiskey. Ha, ha, ha! that's a good pun. Isn't that a good pun, Mr. —? But where's my song with that wife; I mean where's my wife with that song?"

The bride of some few hours was endeavouring, as far as was possible, to mask an aching heart with a smiling countenance in an opposite corner of the room. It becomes known to her that her husband (how the word startles her?) is most anxious that she should sing "that Scotch song." The husband looms upon

her like an iceberg over a pleasure yacht. She must sing that song. That song above all others. She will sing it.

Audible remarks of Bridegroom. "My wife's just going to sing Scotch song and please Lady —. Come, have just nip Scotch whiskey." Interlocutor says, "No, I will hear your wife sing." Bride sings. That song. She gets through wonderfully well. The convulsive involuntary gasps that, between the pauses she finds agonising her, make no more impression upon her auditors than the tuning of fiddles in an orchestra makes upon the first row of the gallery. At last, however, nature and honesty assert themselves. She sings with a thrilling cadence, such as can be born alone of deep feeling.

Will you come back to me, Douglas Douglas?

Bridegroom at that moment happens to burst out into a loud guffaw. Bride starts to her feet, full to the throat with the reality of the appeal she has just been singing, an appeal to



which Douglas cannot reply. She motions aside the people who surround her. The Bridegroom stands smiling, with his necktie askew. She says in a strong voice and clear: "This morning, before most of you, I swore to love, honour, and obey that man, and to be to him a wife. To-night, I tell you all, I abjure my oath, by which I would have perjured my soul."

"Nay; but think of your position in society," expostulated, a female busybody.

"My position in society!" retorts Bride; "I will rather sacrifice that than I will be what you have almost forced me to be, an unwilling wife."

There was consternation. Everybody said everybody else had taken a little too much champagne. At all events, Bridegroom was carted carefully away to a remote room in the establishment, where he could reach everything he wanted. Bride left the house very early in the morning. The dénouement of the little comedy has yet to transpire.

MEET OF THE IMPERIAL HOUNDS AT POTSDAM.

OUR large illustration of the meet at the Imperial hunting box of Stern, near Potsdam, depicts the scene on the arrival of Prince Carl, the Emperor's brother. Prince Carl, though in his seventy-seventh year, is scarcely less remarkable for his intellectual and bodily vigour than the Emperor William himself, and has been master of the hounds for half a century. He is never deterred, no matter how bad the weather, from riding at every hunt. The scene on a bright day, towards the end of autumn, such as that on which our sketch was taken, is full of life and colour. Many of the beaters are in red breeches, jackets, and jockey caps, and are noticeable by their bare feet. A loud blast serves to announce the arrival of Prince Carl, with his grandson, Prince Fritz Leopold, and others forming the hunt committee, all distinguished by a black and white band round the arm. The splendidly-mounted huntsmen in blue velvet waistcoats, white leather breeches, top boots and tall hats, make up a very brilliant picture.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL is about to introduce some new features into *The Victoria Magazine*. She promises a series of portraits of eminent men and women, accompanied by biographical sketches. The weekly paper, the *West London Express*, has proved a great success, and caused some important additions to the *Victoria Press*, in the shape of steam machinery, and the employment of more young women.

The house on boxing night was crowded from the pit to the top-most gallery, and the roars of approbation which came forth one after the other all through the evening, foretold what we feel sure will be a lasting success. The transformation scene is one of the best of the season.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The Christmas entertainments at this place of instruction and amusement are of the usual attractive character, and the pantomimic entertainment called *The Rose and the Ring* is a charming little fairy story, as charmingly told in songs and dances, with scenic and optical effects, unsurpassed by those of most of the theatres, without a touch of coarseness or vulgarity to mar its prettiness. It is one of the most amusing and unobjectionable, and at the same time one of the most sparkling effective of all the Christmas entertainments.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

Twice on Boxing Day was the large St. James's Hall tested to its utmost limits by crowds of delighted patrons of burnt-cork minstrelsy. A programme that embraced several novel features was gone through with great effect. Frequent demands were made for encores, but these were successfully resisted until "Welcome Sweet Herald of Spring," was sung by Mr. S. Leslie. That Mr. G. W. Moore was let off with a single rendering of his new and original comic song, written expressly for him by Mr. G. Hunt, and entitled "The Cattle Show," must be taken to show that the audience, albeit appreciative, were not exacting. In the second part there was the usual diversity. Mr. Frank Pieri gave a burlesque operatic scene, and Mr. Walter Howard a new song, "The Latest Comic Alphabet," then there was a comic dance entitled "Dancing on the Brain"; then a quartette by the choir; then the burlesque performance called the Marvellous Gee-Hards; and finally the musical sketch, "Walking for Dat Cake," in which the younger members of the company, fourteen in number, were introduced with good effect.

Two new music halls are being prepared for Manchester; one in Pollard-street, Ancoats, and the other in Hulme.

DURING the absence of Mr. Irving for five months from London on his brilliant tour in the provinces and in Scotland and Ireland, Mrs. Bateman has had the Lyceum decorated and a new drop curtain painted by Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. J. White, the subject being illustrative of the life of Charles I. at Hampton Court. Several plays are in preparation.

HORSEBREEDING IN HUNGARY.—The Board of Directors of the Society for the Promotion of Horsebreeding in Hungary, wish it to be known that an exclusive privilege has been granted to them by the I. and R. Austro-Hungarian Government, for the export of horses from Hungary, as an exemption from a General Order which prohibits, for the present, the export of these animals.

CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Every gentleman who appreciates the luxury of a real Irish linen cambric handkerchief should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for samples (post-free) of their gent's fine linen cambric, hemmed for use, at 8s. 12d. per dozen, and their gentlemen's hem-stitched handkerchiefs (now so much worn), beautifully fine, at 12s. 6d. per dozen. By so doing a genuine article (all pure flax) will be secured, and a saving effected of at least 50 per cent.—[ADVT.]

THE MARSH WINDS, BITING FROSTS, and contracting effects of cold, render the skin at this period a painful source of solicitude, and require the frequent application of that mild and infallible specific, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, which will preserve it in health and beauty amid the most trying vicissitudes of the season.—Sold by all chemists at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

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HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

The Surrey Stag-hounds have been having some very good runs, too much so, in some respects, for there are now several "deer" that have been left out that they have been unable to take. On Saturday last they had a very good run, and finished at Edebridge, over a very severe country, very heavy, and trying for horses and hounds; the fences were like "pews in a church," they came so quick upon you, and wanted a lot of doing. The deer crossed the water, and was taken, after a capital run.

The sport has been, as a rule, very good this season, in Surrey. The Surrey Union had a good day from Leatherhead, found two foxes, and had a rare good run with one, and killed, at Box Hill. When I talk of Surrey, I cannot help thinking of the "Squire." No man liked hunting more than did Mr. Heathcote; he was "hail fellow, well met," with all the farmers, and would try and get them to lock their gates at the meet, so that some of the "cock tails" might be "choked off," the first five minutes the hounds were laid on. A great peculiarity of his was calling everything "old;" he used to say, we shall have a good day with that "Old Brown Duchess," or I think we shall have soon to stop hunting, for there are one of those "old long frosts coming." He called everything he spoke about old—hounds, horses, men, &c. The "Old Surrey" hounds have a varied country, the most part hills, and plenty of flints, but it was a rare treat to see, a few years back, old Tom Hills with these hounds; his voice was cheery in the extreme, and if he could only force a good hill fox into the Godstone country, and over that big country, nothing gave him more delight, for that so widely different from most of the meets in the "Old Surrey" country. There are one or two meets below the hill Godstone Green being one of them. The Windsor Drag-hounds continue their fun. They met on Saturday at Mrs. Langworthy's, Holyport, where the field were entertained. The day was fine, and a large and fashionable field was out, including Colonel Garratt (the master), Lord Cochrane, Hon. R. Carrington, Captain Smith, Colonel Harford, Lord Charles Ker, Colonel and Lady Tollett, Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Messrs. Hammerton, Duncombe, Campbell, Walker, Hall, and Say. The line was over Mr. Hamerton's Gadlridge Farm, to the meadows to Braywood Arms, to New Lodge, when the deer had a check for a few minutes. Most of the field having had quite enough of it gave it up. The hounds being laid on again, over some big fencing to Mr. Thorn's meadow, to the Rifle Butts, to Dedworth Green, but very few of the field rode the whole line, on account of the heavy state of the ground, but the first up at the finish was, as usual, Mrs. Herbert, who just managed to get over the last jump before Captain Duncombe. The meet on Wednesday was at Mr. Westaway's Farm, Wraybury. The line of country was from the farm right away to Staines Moor, on by Colnbrook to Madridge, and back to Colnbrook, to Ditton Park, and finished at Datchet. The line was very severe and heavy. Only five saw the finish—the Master, Lady Tollett, Col. Harford, and one beside the huntsman, Watts.

The dinner, at Slough, was a great success after the sale of stock. Sir Robert Harvey, in responding to the toast of Hunting, said: "I thank you very much for the warm way you have received this toast," and spoke at length on the good hunting did to this country. But that barrier, at times, did damage to farmers, and he actually stopped his hounds last season for seven weeks because the country was so very deep. He said: I got into very hot water with his subscribers, but he considered the agriculturists who gave him at all times so hearty a welcome. Sir Robert is very popular. Harriers at times do some amount of damage, but not so much, I fancy, as to stop hounds for so long a time as that. The sport with the Cottendale has been very good, and Mr. Nurse is going like a bird, never from his hounds. I regret to hear that his son got a fall last week, and broke his collar bone.

I hear few complaints about any scarcity of foxes, in any country. The hunting has been stopped for a week or two with Mr. Selby Lowndes, owing to the death of his son. I hear that the "Vale of Aylesbury" is full of foxes, in fact too many, for some of the farmers are complaining that the game in the neighbourhood of Cublington is quite destroyed. Be this as it may, I know that foxes, at times, do damage, particularly during the hatching season, but I don't think that Mr. Fox is at all times so bad as he is painted. It is all very well for keepers to say they have lost all their birds by foxes, as it often an excuse when poachers have been there. Now there are many ways of keeping your pheasants from the fox. When you have a lot of tame birds, if the keeper would only "tar" the shrubs and trees, it would keep them away. The fox hates the smell of tar. Another good plan is to put a string from bush to bush, about a foot or so from the ground, near where your birds are, it will prevent them from coming near the coops, for the animal is very shy and suspicious, and will turn away from anything that seems to him peculiar. These hints may not be out of place now that the hunting is in full swing, and the new year will soon make keepers begin to tink of getting their coops ready for their hens for hatching. I had some years ago a wood called Hodgemore, near Amersham, and Jim Morgan brought me three vixens and a dog fox, which I placed in the earth, but they did not do much damage, for my keeper would now and then kill them a rabbit, and besides I would get them a paunch and offal from the butcher, which they would fight like puppies outside the earth for their food—and if they did kill a pheasant or two I only knew that when the season came on. We had lots of fun when the hounds came for cub hunting, and "Hodgemore" was never without a fox while I had the cover. The meet last Monday, at Hillingdon "was a caution," for the foot-people were enormous, but more of this next week.

The Atherton hounds have had a narrow escape from destruction. While the hounds and huntsmen were in hot pursuit of a fox he made for a

quarry, into which he leaped, followed by the foremost hounds. The quarry is about eighty feet deep, and the men employed there, seeing the pack approaching, immediately formed a line upon the brink of the precipice, and stopped them going further. The workmen were heartily thanked by the huntsmen for their presence of mind, and a collection was made for them.

THE EARL AND THE TOLLKEEPER.—Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds met at Wickersley Bar yesterday, and before going to the covert the noble master took an opportunity of speaking to the keeper of the bar about his behaviour a few weeks ago when the hunt passed that way. It seems the fox crossed the road, and the field in hot pursuit came up to the bar, when the keeper, in his keenness for a chance harvest of tolls, closed the gate in the faces of the master and the field, allowing them to pass only one by one, as the toll was paid. Earl Fitzwilliam said he was always willing, and desirous that toll should be paid where his horses passed through a bar, but to stop the hunt when the hounds were in full cry, because a bar chanced to interpose, was an unfair obstruction to a sport which afforded the people generally great enjoyment and benefit. Earl Fitzwilliam heard patiently what the man had to say for himself, which was to the effect that he was a servant put there to get as many tolls as he could for his master. He professed also that he did not recognise the noble Earl. Many members of the hunt and a considerable number of the foot-people gathered about to hear the conversation. The tollkeeper desired the latter to move away, but the Earl said he preferred they should hear and understand what the case was. He, in fact, formed an impromptu jury, and the cheers which they greeted the remarks of the noble Earl was a clear indication that both in matter and manner they judged him to be in the right. The colloquy ended without the gatekeeper having even the poor consolation of exacting more toll, for the noble master, declining to take the hunt through the turnpike, turned his horse and rode off to draw Black Carr. There is not likely to be felt any very profound regret, either by hunting men or the general public, at the fact that the Wickersley toll-gate and its keeper will be "disestablished" in the course of next year. The trust expires next November; so that this is the last hunting season in which there will be an opportunity of committing there so unmannerly an act as closing a turnpike gate in the face of a M.F.H. with his pack in full cry.—*Sheffield Independent*, December 22.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU will be received at the Academie on February 15th.

Col. W. H. L. Barnes, a well-known lawyer of San Francisco, had a rather serious encounter with a bull-dog during the recent dog show in that city. The *News Letter* describes it as follows: "A sanguinary red bull-dog was one of the most marked features at the bench show in the early part of the week. So abnormally savage was this creature that his food was always thrown to him from a convenient distance and his drink pushed within his reach by means of a long pole. He was in a state of sullen fury from the moment he arrived at the pavilion, and made numerous furious attempts to break his powerful chain and attack the other dogs and the spectators. On Thursday afternoon, while Colonel W. H. L. Barnes was standing about the middle of the hall, a terrific outcry was heard in the direction of the bull-dog department. The red dog referred to had in some way slipped his collar and seized a small child; the daughter of a lumber merchant, whom it was apparently tearing to pieces. There was probably not one of the group of gentleman referred to lacking in physical courage; but the two things every man shrinks from 'tackling' unarmed are a rattlesnake and a bull-dog. However, Colonel Barnes instantly rushed forward and seized the canine demon by the throat. Fortunately the beast's fangs contained more of the child's dress than its flesh, and by tearing the former the other gentlemen released the girl from her dangerous position, with only a bad-looking flesh wound. The scene that followed was horribly exciting. The doubly-enraged dog turned with terrific snarls upon the colonel, who held him with both hands by the throat. The animal weighed over fifty pounds and was unusually powerful, and after an exhausting struggle the colonel, who is fortunately an exceptionally strong man, found his only chance was to hold the dog bodily up from the floor at arms length. All this time a messenger had been despatched to obtain a pistol from a Mission Street saloon, there being none among the bystanders. At the critical moment this arrived, and the muzzle being inserted into the ear of the foaming brute, his canine intellect was distributed rather unpleasantly over the clothes of the spectators. 'How do you feel, colonel?' was asked, as the dog stopped kicking. 'I feel,' said that distinguished lawyer, as he held up his still cramped and livid hands, 'I feel like—a little brandy.'

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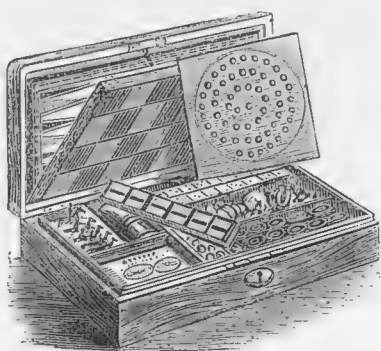
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The VETERAN STAKES, a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs added by the Sandown Park Club, and a Purse of 50 sovs by officers who have retired, for horses bona fide the property of gentlemen who have retired from the Army or Navy, that have never won a steeple-chase, hurdle race, or hunters' flat race up to the time of starting, and that have been regularly and fairly hunted by their owners up to the day of entry with any established pack of fox-hounds or stag hounds; four year olds 10st 3lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st 3lb; to be ridden by officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy, or by gentlemen who have retired from either Service; Grand Military Steeple-chase Course (about three miles).

The GRAND MILITARY HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, to go to the second, for hunters qualified as for the Grand Military Hunt Cup, and that have never won a steeplechase, hurdle race, or hunters' flat race value 50 sovs up to the time of starting, with 50 sovs added from the Fund, and 50 sovs from Sandown Park Club; four year olds, 11st, five 12st, six and aged 12st 4lb; riders as for the Gold Cup; two miles on the flat.

SECOND DAY.

The GRAND MILITARY HUNT CUP, value 100 guineas, 2 sovs entrance, to go to the second, for bona fide hunters unconditionally the property of, and to be ridden by officers on full or half pay of the Army or Navy, and that have been regularly and fairly hunted up to the day of entry by their owners with any established pack of fox-hounds or stag-hounds, and that have never won a steeplechase, hurdle race, or hunters' flat race value 20 sovs (regimental races excepted) up to the time of starting; five year olds 12st, six and aged 12st 7lb; Grand Military Steeplechase course (about three miles).

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SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

Three horses the property of different owners to start for each race, or no Cup or added money will be given. There are no penalties for regimental races of any kind.

Colours must be sent with entry. No entry will be received from any officer whose regiment, or the regiment to which his depot is attached, has not subscribed at least 10 sovs to the Race Fund, and each entry is to be accompanied by a letter from the nominator of the horse, stating that it is, upon his honour, bona fide and unconditionally his own property. Officers on half pay, or whose regiments are abroad, to subscribe 2 sovs to the Fund.

Entries to be made to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook only on or before February 19th, addressed to them, 28, Conduit-street, London, W.

The Stewards request that the subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Secretary as early as possible, so that the amount added to each race may be advertised.

Non-commissioned officers and privates in uniform will be admitted to Sandown Park on this occasion.

The two following prizes, given by the Sandown Park Club, are open to horses the property of any person, and they close at the same time as the other races.

FIRST DAY.

The SANDOWN OPEN HUNTERS FLAT RACE of five sovs each for starters, with 100 added, for hunters six years old and upwards that have been regularly hunted during the present season with any established pack of fox or stag-hounds, certificates of which, signed by the Master, must be lodged at 6, Old Burlington-street, with a fee of 2s. 6d., seven clear days before the race, and that have not up to the time of starting run for any race whatever value 20 sovs, whether under the Newmarket or Grand National Rules; gentlemen riders; 12st each; entrance 1 sov; two miles on the flat.

SECOND DAY.

The SANDOWN OPEN HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each for starters, with 100 added, for hunters six years old and upwards that have been regularly hunted during the present season with any established pack of fox or stag-hounds, certificates of which, signed by the Master, must be lodged at 6, Old Burlington-street, with a fee of 2s. 6d., seven clear days before the race, and that have not up to the time of starting run for any race whatever value 20 sovs, whether under the Newmarket or Grand National Rules, except the Open Hunters Flat Race on the first day; gentlemen riders; 12st each; entrance 1 sov; three miles.

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Lord Anglesey Mr F Gretton
Mr T Ansley Ld Hardwicke
Sir J Astley Mr H F Hobson
Mr Bracher D of Montrose
Ld Folkstone Mr Noel

SECOND DAY.

The STONEHAM PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 50 added, if three horses start, for two yr olds, colts 9st, fillies 8st 12lb; winners once to carry 4lb, twice, 7lb extra, or of the Cranbury Park Stakes, 10lb extra; T.Y.C., straight.

Lord Anglesey Mr F Gretton
Mr T Ansley Ld Hardwicke
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TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, December 31, the following well-known IRISH STEEPLECHASE HORSES, the property of J. Coupland, Esq.:

REVENGE, a bay horse, by Lothario, dam by Windischgratz; winner of steeplechases and hurdle races, a remarkably well-shaped horse, up to 15 stone, temperate, valuable as a hunter or stallion.

VENGEANCE, bay horse, 6 years old, by Lothario, dam Odessa; winner of the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown, 1877; well-up 10-14 stone, a splendid fence; very temperate, and has been regularly hunted.

FORESTER, brown gelding, by Janitor; winner of the Ward Hunt Farmers Steeplechase at Fairyhouse, beating ten, and has been regularly hunted.

MRS. GLADSTONE, chesnut mare, 6 years old, by Exchequer, dam Lady Tatler; winner of steeplechases in Ireland, up to 14 stone, has been regularly hunted, and qualified for hunt races, a perfect hack, and suitable to carry a lady.

MINTSAUCE, chesnut gelding, by Stockmar, Conjuror, Prince Arthur, or Zouave, dam Relish; has carried a lady to hounds.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, December 31st, the following BLOOD STOCK, the property of a nobleman.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

OPOPONAX, a bay colt, 2 years old, by Cymbal (by Kettledrum) out of Etna, by Orlando—Vesuvienne, by Gladiator.

PIVONNET, a bay colt, 3 years old, by Henry (by Monarque) out of Contract, by Stockwell—Fandango, by Touchstone.

BLOOD MARES.

BOMBARDE (foaled 1869), by ventre St. Gris (by Gladiator) out of Arcadia, by Arthur Wellesley—Pauline, by the Emperor; covered by Gabier, and believed to be in foal, due March.

IPHIGENIE (foaled 1867), by Hospodar (by Monarque) out of Isabella, by the Baron—Regrette, by Gladiator; covered by Ventre St. Gris (winner of the French Derby, sire of Pent Eire), believed to be in foal, due May.

MARION (foaled 1867), by Marignan (by Womersley) out of Aphrodite by Pedagogue—Debutante, by Pyrhus the First; covered by Consul (winner of the French Derby, sire of Nougat and Kilt), believed to be in foal, due May.

CHAMANT, by Mortimer out of Araucaria; the winner of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plate as a two year old, and the Two Thousand Guineas this year.

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TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, December 31st, the property of a Gentleman.

CONSEIL, chestnut horse (bred in France) by Consul out of No Chance; winner of the Manchester Cup last year and many other races, likely to make a good hurdle racer or steeple-chaser.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, December 31st, the property of a gentleman.

MIEROMEGAS, bay horse (foaled 1873) by Dollar out of Etiole Filante by Young Gladiator out of Goretta by Ion; would make a beautiful stallion or steeple-chase horse.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs.

TATTERSALL, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Monday, December 31st, the property of a gentleman.

1. INDIAN BUTTERFLY (foaled 1872) by Sundeechah out of Butterfly (Bon Bon's dam) by Bantam—Lucia by Sheet Anchor—Cottillon by Partisan; covered by Tichborne.

2. RANEE (foaled 1870) by Knight of the Crescent out of Chilianwallah by Newminster—Lady Gough by Lancelot; covered by Tichborne.

3. PEELE, roan mare (foaled 1873) by General Peel out of Battaglia by Harnton—Scalade by Touchstone—Ghuznee by Pantaloon; covered by Knight of St. Patrick.

4. CHRISTMAS ROSE (sister to Chiblain), brown mare (foaled 1873) by Jack Frost out of Grand Duchess by Van Galen—Olga by Charles the 12th—Fair Helen; covered by Cock of the Walk.

5. NOTTINGHAM LACE (foaled 1870) by Nottingham out of Fern (Rama's dam) by Fernhill, dam by Beiram out of Addy (sister to Chateau Margaux) by Whalebone; covered by Cock of the Walk.

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THEATRICALS AT ALDERSHOT.

THE officers of the Commissariat and Ordnance Dramatic Club, assisted by ladies, gave their second performance of the season in the Theatre Royal, Z Lines, South Camp, Aldershot, on Friday evening the 7th inst., when we were pleased to see their efforts again rewarded by a large and appreciative audience. The piece chosen was the Comedy, by Tom Taylor, Esq., of "*Babes in the Wood*." Our readers will no doubt recognise this in the "*Babes and Beetles*," considerably cut down, which was successfully produced by Mr. J. S. Clarke at the Strand Theatre, last year, when he played the principal character of Jeremiah Beetle in it him-

self. On this occasion the performance was on the whole very creditable, and it was very evident that most of the members of the Club must have devoted much time to the necessary study of their parts, without which a heavy piece, such as undoubtedly was the one chosen, could not have been produced with anything like success. The Babes (Frank Rushton, H. M. Dunstan, Esq.), and Lady Blanche (Mrs. Henry Baber), created great amusement by their charming ignorance of the value of money, in the first act, and by their wonderful equanimity when "under difficulties" in the second, whilst in the third act (the sponging house) they thoroughly worked up the sympathies of the audience in their favor, and fully merited the recall on the drop of the curtain which their Micawber-

like faculty of resting content, sure of something to turn up, entitled them to. Lady Blanche was not, however, nearly as perfect in her part as could have been wished, and this very much marred the effect of her otherwise good acting. When people hesitate on the stage and have to think of what comes next, it totally dispels the illusion to the audience, and recalls to their remembrance that Lady Blanche is not a reality, but only a creation of fancy imperfectly set before them. This is one of the worst faults to which amateurs are prone, and one which helps more than anything else to mark the difference between the amateur and professional stage. Mr. Rushton was good, but scarcely affectionate enough. Remembering that theirs was a runaway match all



"WITH GOOD CAPON LINED."

for love, and that their married life could only have existed a few weeks, a little more "spooning" would have been not only admissible, but of assistance to the well-being of the piece. Sir George Loosestrife (L. A. Hope, Esq.), and Mr. Slidell (E. J. Pocock, Esq.), the two walking gentlemen of the piece, were fairly acted. When Mr. Pocock has learnt what to do with his hands and legs on the stage he will show to much greater advantage. The same may be said of Mr. Burt, who played "Todd" the bill discounter. These remarks are not intended, however, to hurt their feelings, or damp the ardour of these young actors, on the contrary, attention is drawn to them as points which are capable of easy improvement on future occasions. The eccentricities of that

amusing and important personage, Beetle, found an admirable exponent in Mr. Westroph, who displayed a talent in the Comedy for which we did not give him credit, and who, whether in his utter indifference to the charms of his better half, or his devotion to the Babes, was equally consistent in his rendering of a part which would tax the energies of the most experienced of low comedians. If we wished to be very critical we might express an opinion that there was a little too much exaggeration in his drunken scene, and that his maudlin state of intoxication, whilst it created great laughter and amusement, at the end of the second act, somewhat interfered with the legitimate acting of Lady Blanche, who closes that act with a most sentimental appeal to the fates that be to

befriend them in their difficulties, but this almost amounts to hypercriticism, and is scarcely necessary where the performance on the whole was so good. The minor parts of Mrs. Beetle and Trotter were admirably taken by Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Westroph. Mrs. Archer's acting was better than her get up; she scarcely looked the termagant she made herself appear to be, and certainly Sir George Loosestrife's reference to her figure and ankles was not borne out by her personal appearance. Mrs. Westroph looked the ideal of a ladies' maid, and despite her evident nervousness acted her part with considerable success. Would that ladies' maids of the present day would content themselves to appear in domestic life in the same decent and respectable apparel.

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All Communications intended for insertion in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

C. T.—Mr. Swinbourne played Romeo at the Odéon Theatre, Paris, in 1863, to the Juliet of Mlle. Duverger.

JOHN HOMSON.—Not at all impossible, as the entire comedies of Terence were translated into English by Richard Bernard, of Epworth, Lincolnshire, and printed at Cambridge, in 1598.

E. V.—Alexandra Brome was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. His comedy, *The Cunning Lovers*, was played successfully at Drury Lane Theatre in 1654. Richard Brome was another dramatist, to whom Ben Jonson referred as follows in verses attached to Brome's comedy, *The Northern Lass*—

To my faithful servant, and, by his continued virtue, my loving friend,
The author of this work Mr. Richard Brome.

I had you for a servant, once, Dick Brome,

And you performed a servant's faithful parts!

Now you are got into a nearer room

Of fellowship, professing my old arts.

And when you do them well, with good applause,

Which you have justly gained from the stage,

By observation of whose comic laws,

Which I, your master, first did teach the age.

You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your time

A prenticeship, which few do now-a-days:

Now each court hobbyhorse will wince in rhyme,

Both learned and unlearned all write plays.

It was not so of old: men took up trades

That knew the crafts they had been bred in right;

An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades.

The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now

He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plow."

Dick Brome's numerous comedies were all successful and famous for their originality.

VIOLA.—A large number of the Parisian ballet girls and figurantes at the Paris theatres are English.

A. Z.—*Le Tribut du Peuple* was written by a young Creole, M. Latour de St. Ybars, and it was produced on the 7th May, 1842, at the Odéon, Paris. *Virginie* was by the same author.

J. DARELL.—Roger Kemble died in 1802, aged 82, and his wife died five years after.

W. E. HOLFORD.—Mrs. Glover played *Hamlet* for her benefit in June, 1822, at the Lyceum Theatre. Edmund Kean was present, and complimented the lady highly on her success.

CROSS PATCH.—Bradbury the clown died in 1834, so poor that Ducrow undertook the cost of burying him.

J. BROWN.—The Fitzroy Theatre is now the Prince of Wales's.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BONN.—There were anciently in France thirty heralds, each distinguished by the name of a province, of these one was King-at-Arms, and bore the

title of Montjoy St. Denis, and had the special privilege of wearing a royal coronet over the fleur de luce.

ARTHUR BULLER.—Turning to Charles James' "Military Dictionary (1802)" we find the term Auxiliary War defined as "that in which a prince succours his neighbours, either in consequence of alliances or engagements entered into with them, or sometimes to prevent their falling under the power of an ambitious prince."

CLORINDA.—Raphael Mengs and Raphael of Urbino, were both buried there, and side by side.

A. COCKNEY.—(1.) Henry Fitz Alwin was the first Lord Mayor of London, he was elected in 1189, and was of noble blood. His sheriffs were Henry Cornhill and Richard Reynere. He remained Lord Mayor until the year 1204—in all twenty-four years. (2.) It was not common for Lord Mayors to be knighted before the year 1390. (3.) It was usual during the twelve days of the Christmas holiday for the Lord Mayor to wear black instead of scarlet, except on the occasion of a public meeting. (4.) Sir Francis Childe was Alderman for the Ward of what was then called "Farrendon Without"—above the chair—in 1708 and his place of residence was given as Temple Bar. (5.) Bread-street derives its name from the fact that it was the place appointed for the bread market, when the London bakers were not permitted to sell bread at their shops or houses, but in the market only.

JOHN RADCLIFF.—Referring to a record of the year 1707, we find the fact you are seeking to illustrate your very curious argument, and it does so very pointedly. "On the 13th of December, 1705, one John Smith, condemned for felony and burglary, being conveyed to Tyburn; after he had hanged about a quarter of an hour, a reprieve coming, he was cut down, and being let blood came to himself to the great admiration of the spectators, the executioner having pulled him by the legs, and used other means to put a speedy period to his life."

WILLIAM HOLT.—The Welsh legend runs: That the mission of the Robin Redbreast is to convey drops of water to moisten the parched lips of those who are suffering the pangs of eternal fire, and in doing this the flames have scorched his breast. Hence the great regard in which the bird is held. There is another legend, which attributes the red on the breast of the Robin to the following incident: When Christ was bearing His cross to Calvary, wearing the crown of thorns, one of these birds pulled the thorns away with his beak, and, in so doing, wounded its breast. There are other traditions, for which we have not space.

A YOUTHFUL READER.—The year is usually described as containing exactly 365 days, but it is really a quarter of a day longer. The word month is derived from the word moon, as it was used when from one new moon to another was the usual way of calculating time.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

THE appearance in a contemporary of tabulated lists of successful stallions and an analysis of yearling sales furnishes ample food for comment at a time when, it being impossible to discuss the future, the thoughts of racing men are turned to a consideration of statistics having reference to their favourite sport. We have deemed it not unprofitable to institute comparisons between merits of the sires of our day, first as producers of money-making material, and secondly as progenitors of stock most profitable to breeders, and from these materials to construct a "class list" of comparative success which may prove useful to the many owners of brood mares now on the lookout for suitable matches on their behalf. We have chosen to furnish statistics of the leading twenty sires in each department, not on any arbitrary principle of selection, but because the dead level of mediocrity would soon have been reached in each case, and our calculations might have been extended indefinitely. But when a sire of any merit has failed to appear in either of the annexed tables, we have not omitted to notice him in a supplementary way by allusion to his position and prospects after our original subject-matter has become exhausted. Nothing illustrates the "hard logic of facts" in connection with any stallion better than the tell-tale figures which appear at the close of each year, and though allowances have to be made in many cases for lucky or unlucky seasons, we can gauge pretty accurately the merits of each candidate for public patronage, and form our judgment as to the prospects of his success or failure. The tables, of course, present certain anomalies, but of these we have not failed to notice the most remarkable, while on minor points our readers must be left to judge for themselves. A few mistakes will probably have crept in, but we have not perpetrated any act of injustice unwittingly, and shall be ready to make amends for any sins of omission or commission which may be detected as appearing in our remarks upon the various sires.

No. I.	Covering Fee.	Winnings of stock.	No. II.	Covering Fee.	Average Ylgs. in gs.
1 Blair Athol.....	200	£28,830	1 King Tom.....	100	4 11 112
2 Scottish Chief	150	18,258	2 Adventurer	100	10 844
3 Lord Clifden	dd.	16,896	3 Winslow	30	4 675
4 Rosicrucian	100	12,700	4 Queen's Messenger	10	3 590
5 King Tom	100	12,519	5 Scottish Chief	150	7 543
6 Lord Lyon	50	9,718	6 Macaroni	100	17 538
7 Hermit	100	9,060	7 Rosicrucian	100	16 514
8 Mortemer	100	8,703	8 Cecrops	25	4 512
9 Adventurer	100	8,638	9 Blair Athol	200	14 492
10 Speculum	50	8,346	10 Foskin	25	3 473
11 Parmesan	dd.	7,658	11 St. Albans	30	3 410
12 Macaroni	100	7,508	12 Strathconan	3	11 406
13 Toxophilite	50	7,410	13 Hermit	100	7 401
14 St. Albans	50	6,810	14 King of the Forest	50	10 382
15 Pero Gomez	50	6,808	15 Thunderbolt	50	3 315
16 Victorious	40	6,701	16 The Palmer	15	7 296
17 Knight of the Garter	40	4,484	17 Pretender	15	3 270
18 See-Saw	40	4,345	18 Prince Charlie	50	9 268
19 The Miner	25	3,755	19 Y. Trumpeter	10	4 262
20 Broomielaw	25	3,712	20 Master Richard	15	3 278

The italicised names appear only in one of the two above tables, so that while a large proportion of those sires which can show the highest winning amounts, for some reason or another fail to make a grand show in the sale ring with their youngsters; on the other hand it would seem that the best grown, most shapely, and likely-looking yearlings (which invariably command the highest bids) do not always fulfil their early promise when brought out to try conclusions in public. Among the sires which figure in our first table as progenitors of important winners, some fail to find a place in the next column, owing to accidental circumstances; for while Lord Clifden is dead, and Mortemer is in France, Lord Lyon and See Saw by some strange coincidence were unrepresented in the public sale ring last season. Of the rest, Speculum, though he gets almost as good a proportion of winners to foals as any sire of the day, yet does not seem to please purchasers by his samples, which present a light, lathy appearance in their yearling days; and Parmesan's day had evidently gone by, in addition to which his fillies have always preponderated over his colts, and have besides failed in comparison with the sterner sex. Toxophilite has never been so great a favourite as his sireship of Musket and other useful stock should have made him; while Pero Gomez is quite a beginner, but can claim a very

solid and satisfactory advance since his stock first came out in 1875. Victorious gets a lot of small winners only, and the same may be said of Knight of the Garter, while neither Miner nor Broomielaw have as yet made any "palpable hit." Taking the fees at which the twenty largest winners stand, it is easy enough to pick out the comparatively "cheap" sires, though it may be noticed that the order of merit conforms in a remarkable degree to the scale of charges for services in each case. Thus Lord Lyon and Speculum may be put down as certain to attract breeders in the coming season, and buyers would do well to study the following list of stallions, excluded from our second list by reason of their produce having averaged only moderate prices last season. Thus:—

Speculum's yearling average was only	£178
Toxophilite	174
Victorious	178
Knight of the Garter	128
Miner	154
Broomielaw	68
Pero Gomez	173

So that while the produce of these sires was comparatively unprofitable to breeders, purchasers were well repaid, and these figures only further exemplify the lottery of breeding. A glance through our last list will show that good looks (as will always be the case) count for more than they ought to do; inasmuch as the stock of the seven sires above enumerated has far more of the useful than of the ornamental about it, as observers of types of yearling life will duly testify, and this is but natural, seeing that Victorious alone can claim to be counted as having style and quality about him. Turning now to table No. II., we shall first proceed to notice those names which appear also in the other list, but which have not yet been mentioned hitherto owing to the convenience of taking together the winnings of their stock, the prices realised for their offspring, and the status they occupy as compared with past years. Blair Athol's is a magnificent total, and the sterling performances of that genuine horse, Silvio, in some measure remove the reproach that his sire's winning account has been mainly swelled by such noisy members of society as Redwing, Athol Lad, and La Merveille. The mighty lord of Cobham has been at the top of the tree, or thereabouts, for several years, and as he is now in better health and fuller vigour than ever, his owners may reasonably look forward to a continuance of the "good times" they have enjoyed with him ever since the foundations of the Stud Company were laid with him for its corner-stone. In point of money won, Blair Athol beats Scottish Chief as easily as he did in the memorable Derby of 1863; but the latter has no Silvio to help his score along, though he can boast of the same number of winners within one, and has been especially formidable with his two-year-olds, of which no less than sixteen, out of a total of twenty-seven foals to his credit in 1875, succeeded in earning winning brackets. As yearlings, seven of the Chief's stock averaged 543 guineas, while double that number of Blair's were appraised at 492 guineas each. It speaks volumes for Rosicrucian, that not only should his sixteen youngsters have averaged 514, but that he should "come out" as third on the list of living sires, with fifteen winners to his credit; and though we fear that King Tom may be past business, after more than twenty years' service at the stud, he still shows up grandly, both as regards successful stock and yearling average, for his four disposed of in 1877 averaged £1,112, a proof of the estimation in which the grand old patriarch of Mentmore is still held among us.

Next come the pair of Newminsters, Hermit and Adventurer, of which the Blankney sire claims precedence in point of money realised by his representatives, while the lord of Sheffield Lane shows up to the better advantage as "father of our kings to be," his sale-ring average being 844 guineas for ten, against Hermit's 401 guineas for seven yearlings. Macaroni fails to show so bold a front as usual at the post, but in the paddock his juveniles seem to be in as great request as ever, the seventeen which came under the Tattersallian hammer bringing an average of 538 guineas. St. Albans holds his own well on both lists, but it is to be feared that he only got a few foals before his accident in the spring, and we miss his name from among the Hampton Court sires again this season. Six, therefore, out of eight sires which have taken honours in both lists are still available, and it is not too much to designate them as the *crème de la crème* of "fathers of the English stud." Turn we now to a consideration of those sires which, though they may be said to have earned their spurs as purveyors of the "raw material," must be further tested to enable us to judge how the "manufactured article" has turned out during the period their produce has been before the public. We are still left with twelve to reckon up, as regards the winning balance they can show, with the following result:—

Winslow	—	—	Palmer	(13)	3,315
Queen's Messenger	(1)	100	Thunderbolt	(7)	3,235
Cecrops	(1)	1,610	Pretender	(3)	456
Joskin	(1)	425	P. Charlie	—	—
Strathconan	(4)	2,390	Y. Trumpeter	(1)	240
King of the Forest	(7)	2,125	Master Richard	(1)	100

The figures in parentheses denote number of winners.

From the above list we may at once expunge (in the double character of sires of winners and sires of profitable yearlings), Winslow and Prince Charlie, the stock of neither of which has as yet appeared in public, while Queen's Messenger is also virtually in the same category, though he is credited with a solitary winner. His sale-ring average is a wonderful one for a ten-guinea stallion, but we fancy the prices realised were false ones, and both he and Winslow may have to descend from their pride of place next year. Prince Charlie is at present the dearest bargain of the three; and we have only introduced The Palmer (now gone abroad) to draw attention to the fact that most of the honours reported to be divided between him and The Earl probably belong to the former, who would then figure conspicuously in table No. I, with a winning account of over £6,000. Young Trumpeter and Master Richard we may also dispose of, their places in such good company being due, in our opinion, more to chance than to merit; while Joskin must also, we fear, be set down, through Plebeian, as a "single speech Hamilton." Pretender's position is a peculiar one, but he can-

not be said to have done badly in "tying" with his brother roarer Prince Charlie, and the ground is now clear for a consideration of the more solid claims of the remainder. Taking them in order of precedence in table No. 2, we find that eleven young Strathconans averaged 406 guineas each, the grey's best performance in this line so far, and it should be recollected that only a thirty-guinea fee is demanded for the Tickhill sire; while the next on the list, King of the Forest, whose average for ten yearlings is 382 guineas, has been raised to the fifty-guinea division, on the strength of his having begotten seven winners of a sum very little under that won by the four Strathconans, and the King had nothing over three years old to help him. Thunderbolt seems to be going down hill, but so many of his stock were withdrawn after being offered for sale, that we cannot see our way to a fair judgment of his merits; and as regards Cecrops, it may be noted that, though his one high-priced yearling helped him along not a little, an average of 512 guineas for four is significant of something more than casual good fortune, and Dunmow has been a real good advertisement for him. We now proceed to notice other sires beyond the pale of the two tables we have compiled, and shall classify them to the best of our ability as follows:—

Sires departed this life, or gone abroad, we need waste no time in classifying, and for the sake of convenience we shall group those we deem worthy of a passing notice under the following heads, giving covering fees in each case:—

1. Progressing.			2. Holding their own.		
Gs.	Winners	£	Gs.	Winners	£
100 Cremorne	(2)	1210	30 Julius	(9)	2845
40 Cardinal York	(4)	2035	25 Orest	(12)	2340
25 John Davis	(5)	2738	30 Cathedral	(8)	2676
25 Kingcraft	(6)	1045	30 Brown Bread	(8)	3485
10 Montagnard	(2)	1640			
20 Paganini	(7)	1700			

3. Under a cloud.					
Gs.	Winners	£	Gs.	Winners	£
25 Caterer	(2)	375	50 Musket	(6)	1415
50 Duke	(7)	1805	30 Saunterer	(8)	1580
30 Rithus	(1)	140	100 Sterling	(2)	580
30 Gen. Peel	(7)	2580	25 Vedette	(1)	244
30 Lecturer	(4)	440	30 Vespasian	(2)	521

Cremorne had but three foals registered to him in 1875, therefore he must be included among the "rising" lot; so must Cardinal York, though his yearlings have not realized high prices as yet; and we cannot but look upon John Davis, considering his chance, as worthy of a further trial. Kingcraft we hold to be one of the most promising as well as moderately-priced stallions in the list, and he has not done amiss his first season with six winners out of a dozen foals; and Montagnard and Paganini have both fared well, the latter especially, while both are nice shapely horses with fair racing credentials. Julius, Orest, Cathedral, Brown Bread, are much "as you were," and sustain their character for begetting some of the "useful" sort, with an occasional brilliant one thrown in, and most of them may be said to have "had their chances." So, most emphatically, have certain of those included in our third category, of which it is only fair to say that Nestors of the Stud, such as Saunterer and Vedette, have had their day, and used their time to good advantage, while Musket is still on his trial, and must not be judged for a season or two. The rest speak for themselves, but although at present "under a cloud," there is no saying when the silver lining may show itself, which we trust may speedily come to pass, if only to illustrate the familiar proverb that "every dog has his day."

THE PHANTOM UMBRELLA; OR, HOW I FOUND MY WIFE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH ROGERS.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT day when I reached his club, I found my old friend waiting.

"Fred, my boy," said he, "you don't look yourself. What's up; in love?"

"I rather suspect that's your case," I responded.

"Yes, you've hit the right nail on the head. Awfully in love; only mine is an old affair. But yours is a new one?"

"How do you know that?" said I, starting.

"Oh; I know all about it; a very charming girl. I love her myself."

"The deuce you do."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, dear boy. No harm, I assure you; by-the-bye, when you go to see her again, just give me a hook on. I intended paying her a visit. A good girl that—too good for the stage. I saw you watching her in the stalls the other night. I felt almost inclined to change my place to the other side of the house, to get a good look at you,—I mean at Kate. That's the girl for me. Yes, Fred, I love your sister Kate."

What a relief! Being most anxious to know all about it, I invited him to accompany me on my visit. As we walked along he said, "Well, Fred, as I've already told you, I love your sister Kate, and although I've never told her so, I don't think she's indifferent to me."

"Cheer up, old friend," said I, returning him one of his not very gentle smacks. "Kate is yours; give me your hand, and let me congratulate you, for although she is my sister, she's a good girl."

"A thousand thanks, old fellow," said Jeff, warmly shaking my hand. "I am only too glad to find you think I shall go in and win!"

Presently we reached the cottage, when my friend stopped and said, "Before we enter, tell me, how did you meet her?"

"Quite impossible," I replied; "it's such a long story; we are going in together, let it work itself out when we meet. One thing I will tell you, and that is, I love her, and mean to make her my wife."

We entered the cottage, and presently Jeff was shaking the hand of the old lady who spoke with a French accent. It all came back to me now; this was Madame T—, whose acquaintance Jeff had told me he made in Paris. This accounted too for his knowledge of my idol.

In a moment, who should come skipping down the stairs but Stella. On seeing my friend she exclaimed, "Dear Mr. L— is that you?" Observing me, she offered her hand, not so warmly I thought; could she?—but, no!

As we entered the drawing-room, she said in a tone of surprise, "Are you friends?"

I took the advantage of the moment, and said, "Oh, yes, Jeff and I are old friends;" and, watching her face, added: "he will soon be my brother he is going to marry my sister Kate."

A flush of joy passed over her face. Then she extended both her hands to him and said, "Come, take them, I only give both on special occasions, and never to any but dear friends. Accept my sincere congratulations. I am sure if she is like her brother you will be happy. I don't know him very well; but—I believe him to be good."

I had by this time moved to her side. Thereupon Jeff, giving me a look, walked into the other room with the old lady to examine the bust of a fine man in uniform. They fell into deep conversation. Stella sat near me; what would I not have given to be alone with her! when Madame T— wished to carry a basket of grapes Stella had bought for a poor woman in the village who was sick, Jeff insisted on being her escort. So they went on their errand of charity, and I was alone with the woman I loved.

"Stella! do let me call you so," I exclaimed, and taking from my pocket the daintiest ring of pearls and turquoises, said, "accept this and wear it for my sake, until I replace it with a plain gold band."

She allowed it to remain. I imprinted a kiss on her fair brow.

"Stella! Stella! I am almost mad with joy." She answered in aught but a gay tone:

"How about your father and family? they will not like the 'Stella' of the stage to be your wife. I could never become yours without the consent of your father. Remember the history of my dear mother," and her eyes wandered to the picture on the wall. "No, never ask me that."

I took the hand that bore the ring and introduced her as my fiancée. The old lady clasped her in her arms, and kissed her over and over again; then, turning to me, said:

"Monsieur, you have made me very happy."

Jeff and I bade her adieu and walked home; he did not want pressing to stay to dinner. An old naval officer, a friend of my father's, came in. We had music in the evening, and Jeff invited the old captain to dine at his club next day. I was there. We both told him the stories of Stella and Kate. With Kate he was sure it would be all right, but the case of the little actress he had some doubt about. I could have hugged my father's old friend when he said:

"Let me take the matter in hand; let me see her."

I answered: "I swear I'll never take any other woman to the altar; and she has already told me that nothing would induce her to become my wife without my father's consent."

"Well done, Stella," shouted the old captain. "She'll do; that's enough for me; what do you think, Jeff?"

My friend came in well here: "I know her, captain; she is an angel; I knew her long before she was on the stage; besides, she is a lady, by birth and education. Her father was the Marquis de M—, a Frenchman, and her mother of an ancient English family. This girl was left an orphan with a very small income, and is she to be despised for gaining her living on the stage? She is goodness itself!—Well, Fred, what do you say if we go to-morrow?"

"With all my heart. God bless you! dear old friend; let us say to-morrow, at four. We'll meet at home—come to lunch. You must come too, Jeff. Bless me, I promised to take the girls to the Water Colour Exhibition."

"Leave that to me, old stick," rejoined Jeff.

My father stayed at home to meet his dear old friend, the captain; after luncheon my mother and Miss De Lacy intended going to the Exhibition with Kate; Polly was working up a piece by Chopin, to play at a charity concert. My father proposed a game of chess.

"I am sorry I cannot join you," replied the captain. "I am engaged to Fred for the afternoon."

"That is unfortunate," said my father. "I have kept this day entirely for the pleasure of your company."

"Well, well," said the captain, "come with us. I'm going to take Fred to see a friend of mine, and I'm sure she'll be glad to see his father."

At this moment if a loose straw had hit me, I should have been flooded. My father accepted. I gave the captain a look that went straight to the old man's heart, for he gave me his large, warm palm and said (sotto voce) "All will be well." We drove until within half-a-mile of the cottage, and walked the rest of the way, and I must have got a little ahead of them, for my father remarked, "You seem to know the place extremely well."

The captain little knew why my father made a start, when he inquired for Mlle M. "I've heard that name before," said he, and then subsided into silence. In reply to the inquiry, the faithful attendant said, "My mistress is in her room, and not very well."

We were shown into the drawing-room, and I observed my father taking a general survey. He tapped his friend on the shoulder, and remarked, "Whoever the lady is, she must be a woman of admirable taste; are you going to give us a surprise, and introduce us to a young wife?"

My father was not answered, for the captain, who was regarding the portrait of a fine-looking old gentleman, dressed in French uniform, exclaimed, "Dear me, how extraordinary!" At this moment Mme. T. entered, making low obeisance. "Mademoiselle will be down in a few moments," she said, gave me her hand, and then looked from me to my father, who came towards us. On introducing him, she said, "It makes me much pleasure to see you Monsieur, and now my poor Mademoiselle will be happy; she has wept very much last night after she came from the play; she never thought she should be so happy to shake you by the hand."

My father's face was a study of amazement, when my idol entered the room in the robe of cloud lining, looking magnificently pale and handsome. The old captain did not come forward, but stood back, I could see, to watch the party. On beholding her I felt the courage of a lion, "Dear father" I said: (taking her by the hand), "Stella, my intended wife." My father's eyes shot fire, he bowed in a most formal manner, then turned to the captain, and said:—

"You are my oldest and dearest friend, but you have deceived me. I demand of you an explanation. You cannot expect me to consent to my son's marriage with one who is a perfect stranger to me. You, who call yourself my friend, have drawn me into this."

I kept my eyes on Stella, who by this time had withdrawn to the corner of the room with her hand in that of her dear old friend and guardian. In a tone not unbroken by emotion the old officer replied, "I am your dear friend; come, give me your hand, and in my rough, sailor-like fashion I will set all things straight. Your son gave me his confidence, and asked my advice. He told me he had fallen in love with a very beautiful and good girl—an actress."

"An actress!" exclaimed my father, gasping.

"Dear friend, don't interrupt me; from a slight sketch he had given me of her history, I thought I knew something about her, so took the opportunity of coming to-day with him; he did not know why, he does not now."

The dear old captain then crossed the room, with Stella pale and trembling on his arm, and stopped before the picture on the wall—"Tell me," he said, "who is that?" With what an air of dignity she answered "My dear father, the Marquis de M—."

The old man folded her in his arms and kissed her—"God bless you, my child."

"Mon Dieu," broke from Madame T—.

"He was," said the captain, "my old dear friend; did you never hear him speak of Captain P—?"

"I was too young when he died. Poor child."

At this moment Madame T— took from a bureau a sealed letter. "This," she said, "he left with his only sister, who died two years ago. When she appointed me in her will guardian to this dear girl, she told me if ever you meet with a Captain—I believe your name, Monsieur, give to him—;" my dear old friend opened read, handed the paper to my father, saying:

"Will you give your consent now?"

My father regarded the document a few moments, then with a smile that I shall ever bless him for, said:

"With all my heart; both of you come to me," and turning upon me a look of inquiry, said: "Fred, you are a sly dog; tell me how you became acquainted with so charming a woman? for she has already almost won my heart."

"My dear father," I said, taking his hand, "I have no one to thank but you. You remember always insisting upon my carrying the old gingham umbrella; to make a long story short, the last morning I had it for my companion I was determined to get rid of it, and happened to be passing this way, I thrust it into the bushes that grow so thickly in the corner of the garden."

I was here interrupted by Jeff and Kate coming into the room. Kate came to my father with a bound: "Dear father, have you one kind word for me?" In the meantime, the Captain came forward with something he had taken from Mme. T.; it was the old, brown gingham. "Here's the author of all this happiness," said he, "Fred, my boy, yours has certainly been an 'Umbrella courtship.'" We all returned home, Stella with us, and found my mother, Polly, and Miss De L. in the drawing-room.

A fortnight later, a pretty double wedding took place at the village church. The snow insisted on falling, and when we were leaving the house for our trip, my dear father, who was on this day the spirit of fun, called me back and said:

"Fred, here's the Umbrella," and so it was; with such a bunch of white satin ribbons about it! I have finished my story. It was through this unsightly old gingham, I found my wife.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

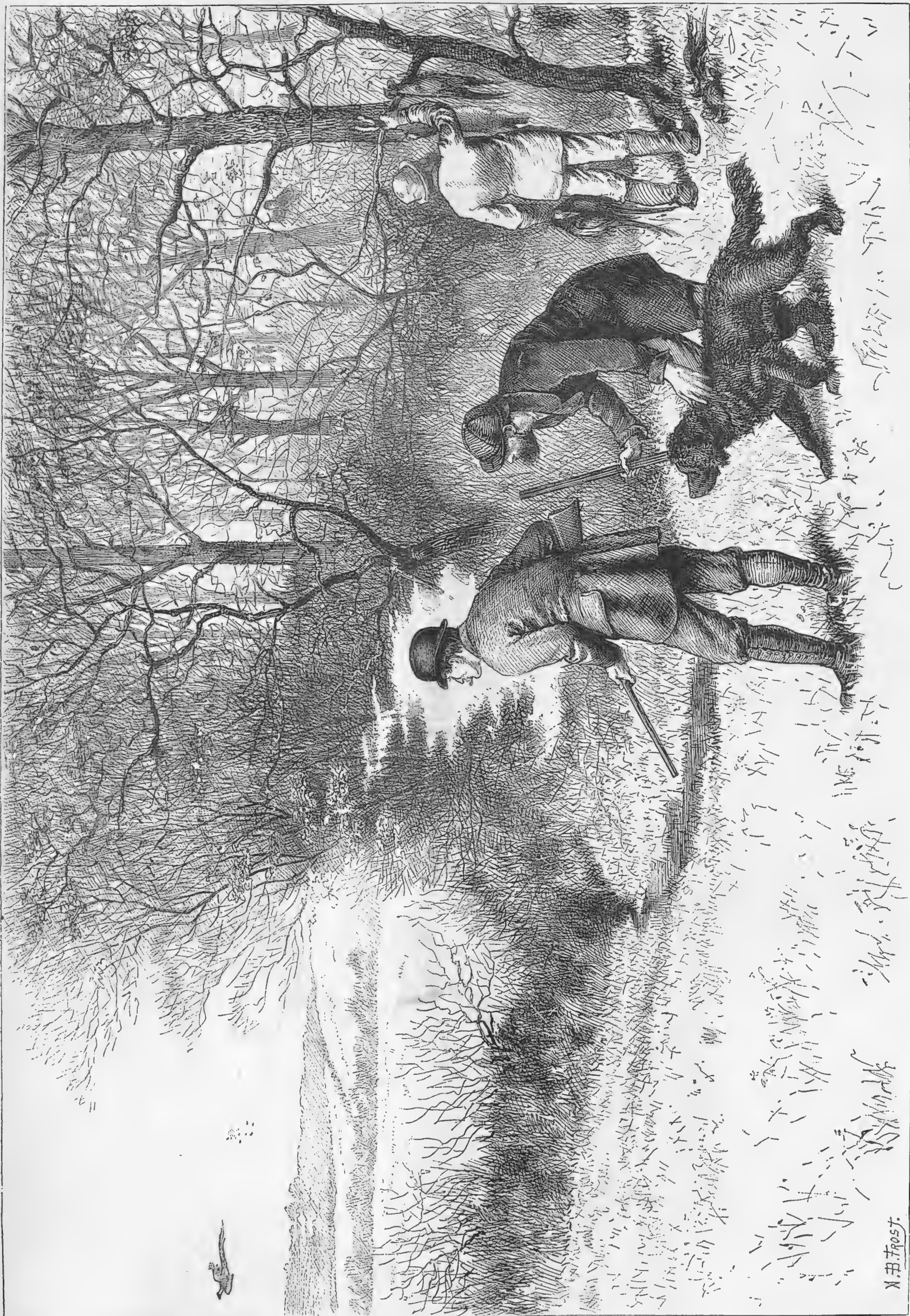
CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond-street, W. "Tis all for thee," price 3s., words by Thomas Moore, music by J. Clippingdale. Moore's well-known poem has often been set, but never more successfully than in this elegant composition. Mr. Clippingdale has entered completely into the spirit of the poetry, and has produced a melody which is charming in itself, and is always appropriate to the words by which it has been suggested. The song is suitable to baritone and contralto voices, and may be warmly recommended.—"My love has gone away," price 3s., is a song by the same composer. The words by G. E. Field, are of average merit. The melody is flowing and vocal, and the song—which has been sung by Mrs. Patey, will be acceptable to contraltos and baritones.—"Let us part friends," price 3s., by the same composer, is a tuneful setting of some lines, by C. S. May, and has been successfully sung by Mr. Barton McGuckin.—"Oh, sweet-voiced bells!", price 3s., is a Christmas song by the same composer. The words by A. A. Fremont, are devotional in character, and well written. The melody, though simple, is sweet and appropriate, and in the accompaniment the effect of bells is happily introduced. These specimens of Mr. Clippingdale's music induce a favourable opinion of his powers, and a desire to receive further works from his pen. He evidently possesses the rare gift of spontaneous melody, and his accompaniments prove him to be a skilled musician.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford street, W. "Oh, say not Farewell," song, price 4s., poetry by E. L. Blanchard, composed by W. C. Levey. It will be sufficient praise of Mr. Blanchard's words to say that they are worthy of his graceful pen. Mr. Levey's melody is sympathetic and expressive; the accompaniments are admirably written, and the song will be prized by cultivated tenors and sopranos.—"Abice," senerata, price 4s., composta di G. Romano. Signor Romano's Italian serenade will be found melodious and vocal, with a characteristic and cleverly written accompaniment.—The "Verloft" (Betrothed) waltzes, by Otto Muller, price 4s., as solo or duet, are worthy of the highest praise. The melodies are not only charming, but original; and these waltzes, though eminently suitable to the ball-room, will be acceptable as pianoforte solos. They are full of variety, and will prove a most acceptable addition to the repertoires of amateur pianists.—"Zort und Treu" (Tender and True), a set of waltzes by the same composer, price 4s., as solo or duet, are equal in merit to his "Verloft" waltzes, and higher praise could hardly be given.—"The Coursers," galop, price 4s., by E. J. Macdonald, may prove useful for dancing purposes, but it is doubtful whether the noble sportsmen to whom it is dedicated will be able to sing the words attached to the "Trio," by the composer; at all events the compass of the melody is from E in space to E in alt, a range of two octaves! The title page is adorned with well executed portraits of Lord Lurgan, and other well known sporting noblemen and gentlemen.

J. B. LAFLEUR AND SON, 15, Green-street, Leicester-square.—"Romanza for the Horn," price 4s., by C. Zoeller. An elegant melody, by a composer who understands the instrument for which he writes. The pianoforte accompaniment is written with Mr. Zoeller's customary skill.

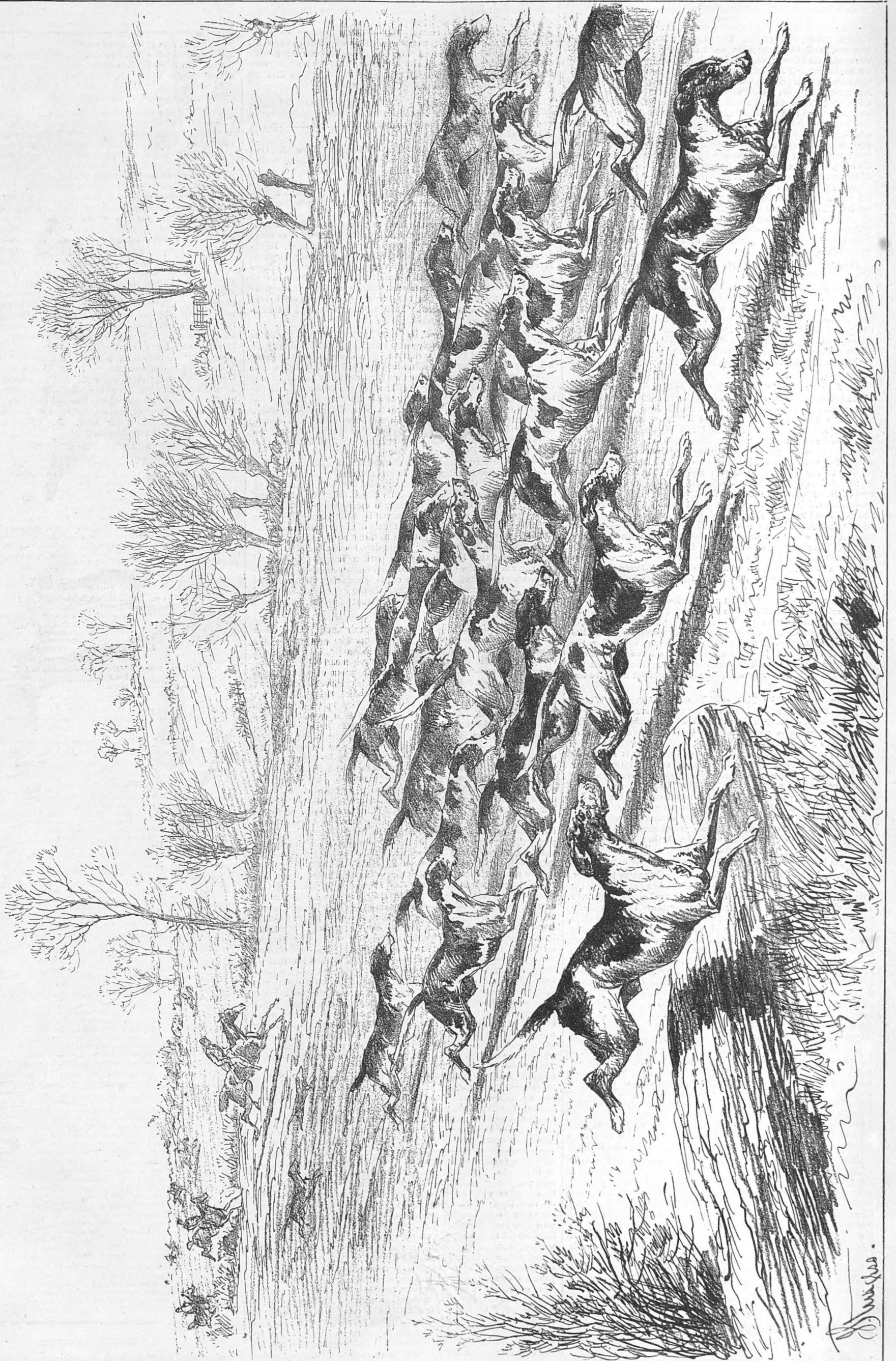
On the 19th, the First Concert given by the members and friends of members of the Hornsey Bicycle Club, under the direction of Mr. G. S. Davies, (who is well-known as an amateur in the northern suburbs,) was held at the Drill Hall, Crouch End. In the absence of their patron, Lord George Hamilton, M.P., the chair was very ably filled by the President, R. D. M. Littler, Esq., Q.C. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Hall was well filled long before the commencement of the entertainment. The programme was opened by a solo on the piano, by Miss Rosa Goddard, who promises to become a brilliant pianist. The chief events of the evening were two recitations by Mr. A. J. Kestin, entitled "The Little Hero," and "Karl the Martyr," in each of which he was encored. Mr. G. S. Davies and Miss Fletcher sang a duet, "What are the Wild Waves saying," with such feeling, that it entirely wore off the gloom usually prevalent with an old song. There were also songs by Mrs. A. J. Kestin, Miss Florence Taylor, the Misses Fletcher, Messrs. C. D. Davies and W. L. Gray. Last, but not least, was a humorous recitation, by Mr. J. Broome, entitled "Mrs. Brown has an evening party," which caused hearty laughter. The evening closed with the National Anthem.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is certain and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Its superiority and excellence are established throughout the world. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[Advrt.]



"HOLD HARD!"

N. Frost.



"WHY DON'T THEY RIDE OVER THEM NOW?"

W. J. Rogers.

REVIEWS.

[For want of space the following notices were held over last week, when most of the illustrations referred to appeared.]

Cassell's Family Magazine. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. The change which, succeeding other changes, made this magazine what it now is, was the best of changes. Its literary contents have been thereby rendered more varied, interesting and solid, and its illustrations have lost their old London Journal monotony of size and similarity of subject and treatment. W. Small's powerfully rendered and conscientiously accurate drawings are the gems of the volume, pictorially considered. As an artist, Mr. Small is never slovenly or careless, and he infuses into the scenes and characters he depicts an air of every-day reality without the slightest loss of picturesqueness. Mrs. Ellen Edwards' sketches are light, graceful, and pretty, but very unequal, and here and there we find them marred by very bad drawing. Stories, articles of domestic interest, essays on subjects of permanent value, with a profusion of first-class engravings, render *Cassell's Magazine* valuable as a beautifully illustrated gift book for the season; a gift which anyone might be delighted to receive. Music for the pianoforte and poetry—although some of it is but weakly and poor—have a prominent place in this volume, which is altogether one of the handsomest and best of the monthly magazines. We have selected one of the illustrations, with the poem belonging to it.

Coralie. By CHARLES H. EDEN. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co.—Coralie is a wholesomely exciting story of travel and adventure, in which a series of stirring fictitious incidents give us carefully-studied suggestions of actual facts. The idea of it was suggested by the wrecks of the frigates *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*, and the adventures of the celebrated French navigator, La Pérouse, in the Pacific Ocean. The book is tastefully bound, handsomely printed, and profusely illustrated with spirited drawings capitally engraved by the Typographic Etching Company. It also has a frontispiece and title page richly printed in colours.

The Chicken Market, and other Fairy Stories. By HENRY MORLEY, with illustrations by C. H. Bennett. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.—Professor Morley's fairy tales are just the things wherewith to delight a circle of holiday-keeping youngsters. Quaintly fanciful and full of sprightly humour, with touches of tender feeling here, and sly bits of satire there, and with richly picturesque morsels of descriptive matter frequent between, it is indeed a famous book for fireside reading to the children. Our first illustration is from the story of Sir Aylevan, he who was "beautiful as a rainbow in the eyes of Saintform, the meadow fairy," although he had a long hooked nose, blue at the tip, with green eyes, and a yellow face, and beard and hair of a richly-glowing red. The artist shows him angrily indignant, in the power of Hoya, the Giantess. "Two sticks crossed were the arms of Sir Aylevan," and "his wrath was quick. When he went into the forest he would dismount to hack and punish any tree that seemed to fork its branches in contempt of him," as sturdily as if his arms were one glad-stone instead of two cross-sticks. Our second picture from this admirable little book is from the touching little story of poor Melilot, out of which a clever playwright might construct a charming series of fairy spectacles, which should be newer and far better than any we are likely to see "on the boards" this Christmas; for alas! woeful is the usual lack of originality and inventiveness which has hung over pantomimists and pantomime writers ever since the days of the immortal Joey, who originated all the best comic business we have, and adapted nearly all the stories of all the "openings" that have ever since appeared, and yet they are not many.

Shoddy, a Yorkshire Tale of Home. By ARTHUR WOOD. 3 Vols. Tinsley Brothers.—So rare is it for an actor to excel in any other phase of art than that of the footlights, that we think the Theatrical profession owes a special and considerable debt of gratitude to Mr. Wood for this novel, which we unhesitatingly commend to all lovers of a good story well told. It is admirably constructed, freshly and forcibly written, and the interest never flags from the opening to the finish. The author has evidently an intense contempt for all that is "Shoddy" in life, and in dealing with this class of character, has been mercilessly elaborate, but though so keen an observer of what is mean and base, cynicism has not blinded him, and the passages connected with Dolly Worsdale, the very charming heroine, are particularly pleasing. Those readers who are familiar with Mr. Arthur Wood's stage career, will readily perceive that his book and his acting are singularly alike—very thorough and full of quaint humour.

China; Historical and Descriptive. By CHARLES H. EDEN. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co.—We congratulate the author of this cleverly illustrated and "got up" volume upon the admirable way in which he has put together one of the best books on China with which we have yet met. He has done his work in a most careful, conscientious, and painstaking way; and, after testing it by the works of the latest and best authorities, we are constrained to admit that although he has derived his information from other books, for a readable, reliable, comprehensive work, it is far in advance of many written on China by men who had long resided there. Like nearly all the works issued by this famous firm, the work is liberally illustrated with excellent wood engravings—mostly, we fancy, from photographs—has a coloured frontispiece from a Chinese drawing, and a title page cleverly designed and printed in colours.

The Publishers' Circular, containing New Year's gifts, school prizes, and lists of books suitable for presents, with specimens of the illustrations. Annual illustrated number. As a general record of the bookselling trade the *Publishers' Circular* has long held a stable and important position, and its annual issue of a number containing specimen illustrations from the gift books and pictorial works of the season is always a most attractive one. This year is no exception to the rule, and altogether, apart from its value for reference and as a yearly review of new books and literary progress, the number is quite an amusing one to glance through, so numerous and so good are the engravings it contains.

Hell upon Earth; or, the Bard and the Demon, a Romance of the Times. London: E. Head. The bard above mentioned is introduced not by a learned, nor a right, or very, or most, reverend divine, but by a "demon divine" from—well, let us say with "the bard"—his being a poetical and polite way of putting it—"realms of fire." The bard's name is given as Nat Forsith, but were we to meet him on or off "the boards" we fancy we should transpose the letters thereof and call him Stainforth. Nat Forsith's mission is not altogether a promising one, since it is

With cynical song, and laughing lyre
Man's heart to cheer.

With which end in view "grief is the theme of his lays," and he proceeds—

Just think! to roam the vasty globe
And see the good and ill of life;
Meet mirth and misery; to prove
Sin with a sacrificial knife.
Protect the weak, chastise the strong,
Uphold the right, crush down the wrong:—
In fact a second Quixote to become.

He runs a tilt against the foreign policy of the Government, the

poor laws, pigeon-shooting, the *Police News* and its readers, halting and partial justice, the extravagant fees of lawyers, our clumsy mode of executing criminals, vivisection, bribery, purr-pride, the insufficient wages paid to agricultural labourers, and many other things for the bare enumeration of which we have not anything like sufficient space. The—hem!—"realms of fire" upon earth is liberally illustrated with some wretchedly coarse, ill-drawn, and worse engraved wood-cuts, and is associated with such utter rubbish and vulgarity at the end, that even a bard who is not above keeping a demon's company must blush to find his production bound up with it.

Everybody's Year Book for 1878. London: Wyman and Sons.—This handy little work contains all the usual information of a useful character for the library or office, with a few short articles of general interest.

Famous Horses of America. (Sampson Low & Co.) Although the illustrations to this work are of unequal merit, and many of them indicate the direct indebtedness of the native artists to Sturges, and other English draughtsmen, it is a compilation of great value as a book of reference, and is written in an attractive and succinct style. The first part includes fifty-nine portraits of the celebrities of the American Turf, past and present, with short biographies. American Eclipse leads the way, and is succeeded by Boston, Lexington, Lecompte, Prioro, Leamington, Slarke, Planet, Daniel Boone, Idlewild, Lytleton, Kingfisher, Preakness, and so on; the last in the list being Vagrant. It is creditable to our American cousins, and will come as a surprise to many readers, that some of the most distinguished of the heroes and heroines named are "native, and to the manner born." The second part of the book is devoted to celebrated American trotters and pacers. It is full of interest and information.

Our Trip to Blunderland, by JEAN JAMBON, with Illustrations by C. Doyle: William Blackwood, Edinburgh and London.

Youngsters will assuredly enjoy much wonderment and many a hearty laugh over the adventures of Norval, Jacques and Ranulf, who are so full of puns that they ought to be caught and devoted to Burlesque writing and the supply of comic copy all the rest of their lives, if it were not that such a fate would be quite too awful to contemplate for such gentlemanly and merry little wags. Their great mysterious bicycle ride up to the moon, and over it, and into the mist and barren land which shuts in Fairyland, is a most exciting one, and their dismay when they first find out that their pass to Wonderland has been, through a mistake in the spelling, converted into a pass to Blunderland, is lost in the excitement of the strange things they do and the wonders they see there, which are all of the most astonishing, amusing, and myth creating description. Our selections from the clever illustrations are, first the young lady who in a silvery voice is crying the "Stalest Telarams," and selling newspapers borne by a footman who wears the calves of his legs in front, and the tie of his cravat at the back; secondly, the old lady who is taken to Court by the policeman because Jacques has, by begging her pardon, broken the law against begging, and she by granting the pardon begged for, proves that she must be the Queen, as no other person could forgive law-breakers. Our third shows the old lady ordering the policeman back to his beat, and beating his back in the exercise of her royal privilege of benighting. The rest, for want of space, must speak for themselves.

The Billiard Book. By CAPTAIN CRAWLEY. Ward, Lock & Co. This handsome and exhaustive treatise on, perhaps, the most entrancing of our indoor games, is, as its title implies, a complete *vade mecum* for those—and their name is legion—who affect the game—be they enrolled in the ranks of the tyros, or members of the *corps d'élite* of the experts. Immense pains have been taken to bring the unavoidable technicalities of the game, both as regards actual terms and other diction, within rational limits, the result being as satisfactory as it is rare, for, in too many so-called "handbooks" of divers sports, the compilers, honest enough in intention, are so led away by craze for their pet hobbies, as to degenerate into obscurity and haziness, thus rendering their well-meant explanations utterly nugatory and wholly useless to their disciples. Such a blot was not, however, apt to prove a pitfall to two such consummate tacticians as these joint authors, who, while couching their renderings of such subtle mysteries as "Side," "Screw," "Twist," and "Strength," in terms familiar to the *cognoscenti*, are, at the same time (unlike too many exponents of far more essential dogmas) ever "to be understood of the people." "The Book" itself is divided into twenty-one chapters, supplemented by an appendix, the former profusely interspersed and beautified with fifty-four steel engravings and numerous well executed woodcuts, while the latter contains a complete catalogue and *résumé* of all works to be found that treat of the game, from billiards in embryo to its fruition in the current epoch. With regard to this appendix, one feature thereof may, perchance, afford the hypercritics and cavillers an opportunity for "being busy," and it has, perhaps, just a *souffron* of the "Lombard-street to an orange" principle about it; this is the manner in which Captain Crawley has "concordated" his own library, which is, however, extensive for an individual one, with that of the British Museum. This, maybe, affords about the only loophole whence the "carpists" could shoot their little darts, and detracts in no way from the general excellence of the work, being plainly only intended to interest Billiardobibliophiles. Every game the billiard table can be made subservient to is here commented on clearly and concisely, from pool and pyramids, *pur et simple*, to such grafted hybrids as skittle-pool and the nomination and divided games, the latter of which is justly stigmatised as stupid and uninteresting; anecdotes, axioms, and apothegms, are pleasantly interlarded wherever needful and appropriate, while the purely scientific and practical portion of the work is singularly free from excrescences and *nugæ*, and is, as might be expected, eminently succinct and workmanlike. One curiosity must strike the careful reader—the Falstaffian disproportion betwixt the work of the associated authors; but this, mayhap, arises from the careful consideration of the proverb *anent* "too many cooks," and this failing, or spoiling, will be sought here in vain, while of course, the "Eminent and able collaborateur," as Captain Crawley gracefully designates him, if he wrote but little, thought the more; and in the elucidation of the *arcana* of the spot-stroke—his pet *par excellence*—there is decidedly an aroma of Cooking, as well as in other of the more practical phases of the book. To conclude this notice without drawing attention to the excellence of the advice and tone throughout, would be invidious and unfair. Take for example, Captain Crawley's advice to young players (p. 187). "After all that has been written, it is, perhaps, hardly necessary for me to warn you—not to bet with a stranger if you do not want to lose—not to play for heavy stakes, unless you have more money than wit—not to keep your cue without chalk, unless you wish to lose the game . . . and, especially, *not to lose your temper and dispute the score*." Nothing shows the tyro so soon as that." And again, when talking of Exhibition Matches, he carefully gives us both the obverse and reverse of the medallion (p. 285). " . . . The loser 'cannot tell how it was he fell off so suddenly, when he seemed to have the game in his hands.' There is no accounting for these accidents; is there? You have noticed them many times, especially at Exhibition Matches, when great odds are given and

taken by professionals. . . . But a word in your ear, young Mr. Green—Go as often as you choose to witness the fine play of Cook and Bennett—You will be safe there. Go when you please to the advertised matches of the rest of the professionals; but whatever you do, don't bet. . . . It is very dangerous for amateur carpenters to play with edge tools." The various lists at the end of the book will be found very correct and complete; the index is so admirably arranged that any particular item required is readily found; and the utmost resources of both printer and binder's arts have been so lavishly employed, as to render it as fit for the *bourdoir* of a fair enthusiast, as for the sterner requirements of the club or public-room.

Dublin Doggerels. By EDWIN HAMILTON, M.A. Dublin: C. Smyth. Periodical illustrated humour is, at present, represented in Ireland by one solitary publication, the *Dublin Qoz*. Attempts have been made to establish several humorous and satirical papers there within a few years, but of the many ventures, only one survives. At first it may seem unaccountable that the race, which has given such brilliant humourists to art, the stage, and literature, should display so little interest in the product of a faculty, supposed to be characteristic of the people. But up to this time, the Irish have been too deeply engrossed in politics of vital interest, to have disposition or leisure for much mirth, that ast development in well-being. A jest, which, in a country, whose chief interest is in social, rather than political questions, would win a smile from every man of a hundred gathered haphazard, is likely to divide strong political partisans into hostile camps and bitter feuds. The public mind of a settled state is mainly turned upon obtaining prosperity and comfort; the public mind of a nation politically agitated is turned upon the means of obtaining prosperity and comfort. Hence humour does not meet with much success in Ireland. When Englishmen unbend, they talk about the speeches of their statesmen; when Irishmen unbend, they talk about the necessity for alterations in the Land Laws or the sacrilege of the Disestablishment. The volume before us has not the faintest connects with politics. It consists of "Dublin Doggerels," "Mongrel Doggerels," and "Ariadne, a Metrical Drama in Four Scenes." Throughout the whole there is a wonderfully sustained elegance of verbal structure, an unbroken chain of sentences untortured by exigencies of rhyme or rhythm. In most of the "Doggerels" the manner is much, the matter little. But here is a felicitous combination, anything but doggerel.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

Have I not striven in vain to forget thee,
Tried to believe that I loved thee no more
Lied when I said I had ceased to regret thee?
Thee whom I never can cease to adore.
Hope, when will you leave me?
How can you but grieve me?
Love, if you deceive me,
Truth can be truth no more.

Oh, for a smile through this dark world to guide me;
Quenched is the beacon, and clouded the star.
Smile on me, frown on me, cheer me or chide me,
Even remember me, near thee or far.
Fate, harder than ever,
How dared you to sever
Hearts changeable never?
World, what a world you are!

How can I live if thy smile be denied me?
Meet me again, and turn night into day.
Darkness were daylight if thou wert beside me;
Daylight is darkness when thou art away.
Fate, when shall I meet her?
Love, how shall I greet her?
Earth, what have you sweeter?
Time, what a time you stay!

Come to me, sweet; it were treason to doubt thee
Come to my heart that is brimming with love.
Come, for the world is a desert without thee,
Make me the envy of angels above.
Steps! now for our meeting;
Heart, how your beating!
Lips, know you the greeting?
Time, what a time for love!

The above are charming verses, the author we feel quite certain lays claim to no higher praise than that.

We give another instance where the matter counts for something:—

THE WAY OF WOOING.

Once there lived an Oriental,
Very rich and very fat,
With a daughter, sentimental,
Young, good-looking, and all that.
Suitors, three in number, sought her,
Each a monarch's eldest son;
But the Oriental's daughter
Wouldn't marry more than one.
Bulbul Ali took her one day
By the tramway to the Zoo,
Where admission (it was Sunday)
Came to fourpence for the two.
Here there would have been a fracas,
Had her swain disliked to be
Designated laughing jackass,
Gander, ape, Tasmanian D—.
Baba Blacksheep called and took her
To the Royal ("Bounce" was played);
True, the youth was void of lucre
By the time the cab was paid.
This was quite a new adventure,
She had never been before,
(Baba, having a debenture, &
Paid them nothing at the door).
Pat Malone had neither coffer,
Credit, means, resources, pelf,
Silver, bronze, nor gold to offer,
Nothing—noting but himself.
He, upon the Tuesday morning,
Took her to his manly chest,
(This without a word of warning),
And—of course you know the rest.

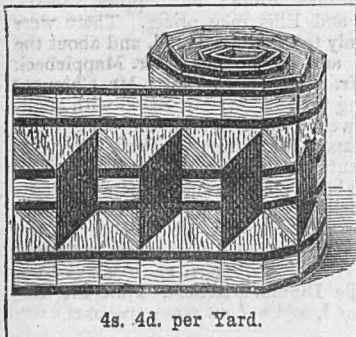
We conclude our quotations with an extract in which the manner counts for all, the matter for nothing:—

THE COLLEGE RACES.

Time out of mind and summer after summer
The College races have been going on;
And, as they came and went, the latest comer
Was far superior to the past and gone.
The papers disagree in many cases,
But never as regards the College races.
The Dublin people seem to have a liking—
I speak of them at present as a class—
(Hailo! by Jove! I hear eleven striking;
It's time that I was turning off the gas).
'Tis done, and now allow me to recall—
(These wretched candles give no light at all).
The College Park, to speak in roundish numbers,
Is nearly, if I recollect aright,—
(By Jove! there's twelve o'clock—I fear my slumbers
Will have to be epitomized to-night).
Is nearly—I was going to have said—
(A yawn—look here, I ought to be in bed).
Those who were present at the College races,
(I carefully avoid the verb "to see,")
May possibly have noticed that the Graces
Are more in number than they used to be.
(Another yawn, and down I lay my pen).
Perhaps in future—(There, I've yawned again).

To our mind "Ariadne" is immeasurably the best part of the volume.

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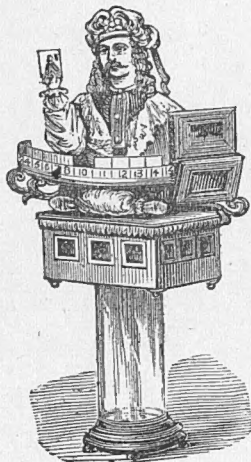
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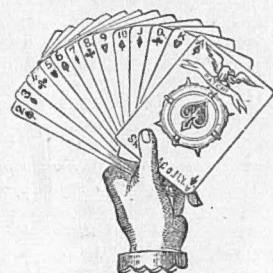
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DOGS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE Kennel Club's tenth exhibition of sporting and other dogs, at the Alexandra Palace, closed on the 14th inst. There were about 1,100 entries, which were spread in average proportions over the usual varieties, the more important classes having been represented in admirable quality. The bloodhounds were particularly good. There were 34 entries, the prizes for dogs being awarded to Mrs. Humphrie's Don, and Mr. Morrell's Rollo, for bitches to Mr. Ray's Reckless and Mona, and for puppies to Mr. Bird's Venus. The mastiffs were also particularly good, and an equally large number of famous animals came forward. The champion class was represented by Mr. Holliday's Nero, Mr. Harris's Argus and Shah, and Mr. Banbury's Wolsey. In the open classes the competition was close. The principal prizes were awarded for dogs to Mr. Taunton's Madoc, 1; Mr.

Austin's Mentor, 2; and Mr. Hancock's Duke, 3; for bitches, to Mr. Banbury's Princess, 1; Mr. Williams's Princess, 2; and Mr. Hartley's Bowness, 3; and for puppies, an excellent class, to Mr. Fitzherbert's Saracen and Mr. Nichols's Rea. There were 64 entries. The St. Bernards nobly complete the three great features of the exhibition. There were three entries on each side of the champion class, the best dog being Mr. Gresham's Monk, against Mr. Sneyd's Hector and Mr. Smith's Barry, and the best bitch Mr. Gresham's Abbess, against Miss Aglionby's Jura and Mr. Joyce's Queen Bertha. There were thirty-four entries in the rough-coated section, the prizes being taken for dogs by Mr. Gresham's Othman and Mr. Yuile's Simplon, and for bitches for Mr. Chamberlain's Martigny and Mr. Joyce's Queen Mab. The exhibits in the smooth-coated section were fewer; the prizes held were for Mr. Gresham's Barry and Mr. Thornton's Druid, Mr. Mellor's

Abbess II. and Mr. Thornton's Flora; for puppies, Messrs. Mellor, Thornton, Gresham, and Ellis take prizes. There were but a few Newfoundlands, only ten exhibits in all, and about the same number of deerhounds and greyhounds. Mr. Mapplebeck with Leo and Gipsy, and Mr. Evans with Dick; Mr. Chinnery with Duke, and Dr. Hemming with Linda; Mr. Salter with Maximus, and Mr. Carver with Sweet Treasure, took the first prizes in these divisions. In the classes for pointers, setters, retrievers, and spaniels there were 236 entries. The fox terriers were 150 by themselves, and the sheep dogs 80. There was much general and individual excellence in all, especially in the sporting dogs. One solitary Dalmatian represented the bygone glory of this variety; but the bull dogs and bull terriers, the former more particularly, mustered in strength. Bedlington terriers, Irish terriers, black-and-tan terriers, Skye terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Yorkshire terriers, the increasing Dachshund, and a few fancy specimens were



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 4. THE CLEANER.

"Who worried the cleaner, who scrubbed every board,
Who liked London Porter, but 'Old Tom' adored."

also represented. In an extra class for foreign dogs there was not much novelty. Mr. Adcock's Satan, a vicious-looking German brute; Mr. Mapplebeck's Iceland Zouave, two or three bearhounds, a Pyrenean wolf-dog with "dew claws," and a Chinese edible dog attract most notice. The judges were the Revs. F. G. Hodson and G. F. Lovell, and Messrs. J. H. Whitehouse, Lort, S. Handley, J. Locke, and T. Bassett.

The Show closed on the 14th inst. On the whole it seems to have gratified the large class that still admires and trusts the friend of man. About twelve hundred dogs were exhibited.

THE New York *Spirit of the Times*, says, "during the present year several hundred horses have been shipped from America to England, and there sold, generally at remunerative prices, ranging from 500dols. to 750dols. There is an impression that American-

reared horses do not do well in England, that from some cause they cannot perform even ordinary labour, and this opinion has in a measure affected the prices of those heretofore shipped and sold, but the prices received for the kind and quality shipped rather indicates that our English cousins have a pretty keen admiration of American horses. They speak of old Preakness in the most complimentary terms, and declare 'that beyond all doubt he is a very grand animal, and has beaten all our stallions in the show yard.' 'Preakness,' the writer continues, 'gives me the idea of a horse quite up to Grand National form, and I was in hopes that his Grace of Hamilton would throw down the gauntlet to Congress and the best of our 'chasers' over the Liverpool course.' The performances of Jongleur during this year, and particularly the very easy style in which he captured the Cambridgeshire Stakes against so large and good a field as he conquered on that occasion has brought to the English mind the fact that his grandsire,

Optimist, was reared on this side of the Atlantic, and was a son of Lexington; and of Jongleur it is now said that 'his Cambridgeshire performance stamps him a racehorse of the very highest calibre,' notwithstanding his strain of American blood. Some experiments in the hunting field have shown that Canadian-bred horses are equal to the best in the kingdom, and it is said that a young lady, with a black Canadian mare, is this season doing wonders with the Fife, and that she is also possessor of an accomplished hunter from the Dominion, now going with the hounds. These facts and opinions are but in keeping with the most reasonable conclusions. Why the American-bred horse is not equal to the English we cannot understand, except there be a superiority given them in rearing, handling, training, and riding. In these particulars America is forced to yield the palm to the mother country, but why in any other there is certainly no reasonable ground."